

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,033

SEPTEMBER 14, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

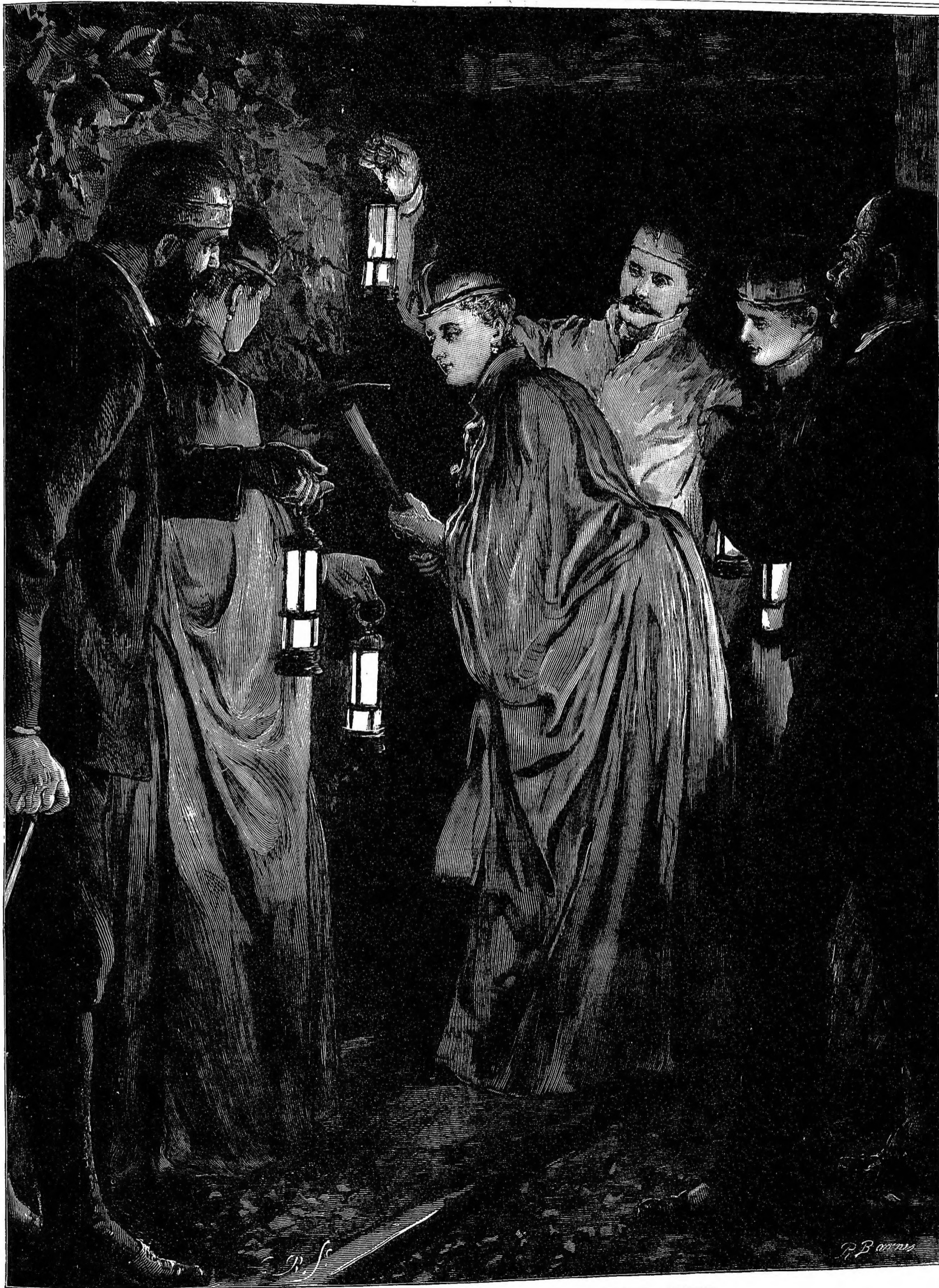
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889

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THE PRINCESS BEATRICE DOWN A COAL MINE  
THE PRINCESS PICKING COAL IN THE WYNNSTAY COLLIERY, RUABON, NORTH WALES

## Topics of the Week

**THE IMPENDING ELECTIONS.**—After an unusually long spell of electioneering quiescence, notes of coming battle sound from four constituencies separately. The Gladstonites challenge attack on two of their northern strongholds; the Unionists are called upon to defend a like number of seats in England. There is not much chance of any change in the Parliamentary representation of either Dundee, Elgin and Nairn, or the Sleaford Division. The previous majorities may be altered to a greater or less extent, but it would require a miracle to seat a Unionist for either of the Scotch constituencies, or to unseat Mr. Chaplin in Lincolnshire. We may expect to hear both parties talk big about "moral victories," and the pens of the arithmeticians will, no doubt, do their duty by demonstrating that two and two mean indifferently either four, or forty, or four hundred. But, apart from harmless exercises of that sort, these three contests promise to be devoid of any real interest. It is different in the case of North Bucks. At the General Election of 1886 the Unionists carried the seat by a very narrow majority, not a little to their own surprise. At the previous election Liberalism had an overwhelming majority, and as Captain Verney, who then headed the poll, went over to Home Rule with Mr. Gladstone, it was believed that his personal popularity would ensure the success of his candidature in 1886. The event falsified this expectation; between 400 and 500 Liberal electors polled for the Unionist candidate, while about twice the number abstained from giving their votes. The question is, therefore, whether this section of the constituency has become converted to Home Rule during the last three years. If that has happened in any large measure, as in so many other constituencies, Lord Salisbury's following in the Lower House will be reduced by one, and Mr. Gladstone's will be similarly increased.

**THE STRIKE.**—For several reasons the dock-labourers lost a good deal of public sympathy at the beginning of this week. First and foremost they refused to make use of a golden opportunity of putting an end to the strike once and for all. At the end of last week the Lord Mayor, as representing the civil community, and the Bishop of London and Cardinal Manning, as representing the two Churches concerned—there are said to be some tens of thousands of Roman Catholics among the strikers—constituted themselves an informal Board of Conciliation. Owing to their well-meant efforts the Dock Directors were induced to concede the principle of sixpence an hour, and eightpence overtime, which was practically the only bone of contention remaining. They also agreed not to bear any malice against those of the labourers who had been prominent in the strike, on condition, of course, that the strikers should exhibit a similar moderation to the men who had been working in the docks while the strikers were out. Only, in order that the Companies might be able to make those alterations in their charges which the change would necessitate, the new rule of payment was not to come into force until January the 1st, next year. These seemed fair terms, Messrs. Burns and Tillet apparently accepted them, and everybody rejoiced to think that the long struggle was at last over. But next day when the dockers met together they flatly refused to accept the proposed settlement, on the ground that the sixpence was not to be given immediately. It is evident from this decision either that the leaders of the strike are leaders only in name, and have no real control over their followers, or that they were not straightforward when they apparently accepted the Directors' concessions. And it is evident also that the strikers are blindly selfish in seeking their immediate ends. Selfish, because they do not care what trouble the strike is causing to the other classes of the community; blindly selfish, because they do not see that in throwing away this chance of reconciliation they have very likely lost an opportunity of ameliorating their condition. Trade is leaving London every day; and if the strike is not soon settled the Dock-Companies will be ruined, and with them the dock-labourers.

**SIXPENCE AN HOUR.**—This phrase has been so much in people's mouths during the last few weeks that it would seem to be regarded as the irreducible minimum of wages. It may safely be said that there are many hundreds of thousands in the kingdom who would be only too glad if it was so. The agricultural labourer, in many districts, still has only twelve shillings a week on which to house, feed, and clothe himself and his family. On the sixpence-an-hour theory he would only have to work four hours a day for that amount, whereas, as everybody knows, his hours of labour are at least three times as many. Then, again, take the clerks. The dock labourer, doubtless, thinks that the clerk is a most enviable being in comparison to himself. He wears a black coat and a white shirt, and generally looks "quite the toff," as the East-End vernacular has it. But even the clerk, when one comes to examine his condition more closely, is very often by no means so much to be envied as he at first sight appears. Sixpence an hour? The

wages of a good many quill-drivers do not come to anything like that. Many of them, such as cashiers in the smaller shops, work seventy and eighty hours a week, and get paid no more than twenty shillings a week. Threepence and fourpence an hour is as much as numbers of them get, and out of that, it must be remembered, they have to maintain a certain style which the labourer has not. Of course, they have certain advantages. Their work and pay are regular, and the docker's work is casual, and his pay, therefore, even at sixpence an hour, very often would not amount even to twenty shillings a week. Still, with these facts before us, it is absurd to speak of sixpence an hour being the irreducible minimum. Wages, like everything else, are regulated by supply and demand, and every attempt to establish a statutory wage is, so long as men are what they are, foredoomed to failure.

**EXPLOSIVES IN CITIES.**—The disaster at Antwerp serves to remind us once more of the terrible danger of storing explosives in populous neighbourhoods. Of course fifty thousand cartridges would not be allowed to be stored in a City warehouse in this country. The whole sad business shows the Belgian regulations to be lamentably lax. The conditions under which such an immense quantity as fifty-six thousand barrels of oil as well as three huge tanks of raw petroleum were permitted to be housed in four large factories, next door to this gunpowder dépôt, deserve the severest censure. The result of the explosion, with its long list of killed and wounded, and immense destruction of property from the conflagration which raged for days, is exactly what every one might have expected. Indeed the only wonder is that the Cathedral was not shattered by the shock, and that the fire did not consume the greater part of the city and the shipping in the harbour. But the episode with all its horrors may well lead us to ask whether our own regulations are stringent enough. There is an immense quantity of petroleum stored in the docks, which is a constant menace to the safety of the City and the shipping. The large increase in the importation of mineral oils, and their growing popularity for lighting and heating purposes, promises to add to the danger, and it seems to be high time that the regulations were revised to meet the new dimensions of the trade. Match manufactories are another constant danger, with which East London has to reckon. The disaster at Deptford, a little time ago, raised the question whether such an apparently harmless industry as the manufacture of paper caps for toy pistols ought to be allowed in a crowded district. The larger manufactories of explosives are, we believe, all now more or less isolated, and no doubt all ordinary precautions are taken as required by the rules and regulations controlling the manufacture and storage of dangerous compounds in this country. But, as we have said, it is doubtful whether any of these industries ought to be carried on at all in the midst of a popular community.

**MR. GLADSTONE IN PARIS.**—The distinguished honour paid to Mr. Gladstone by the Paris Society of Political Economy reflected credit on both the giver and the recipient. Even his bitterest English critics recognise in Mr. Gladstone the most conspicuous man of their race now walking the earth. They may deride his statesmanship, they may mock at his chameleon-like changes, they may regard him as the incarnation of mischief; but for all that there is a latent sense of pride in their hearts that this phenomenal figure, with all its strength and all its weaknesses, is of purely British origin. So, when foreigners delight to honour him, John Bull feels in some sort placed under an obligation. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that there was an underlying *souçon* of hot politics in the after-dinner speechifying at the Continental Hotel. No one, of course, had the bad taste to specifically mention Home Rule, but when M. Léon Say effusively complimented Mr. Gladstone for always taking the part of the victims of tyranny, "from the prisoners of King Bomba to the oppressed of our time," even the dullest feaster must have conjured up the long procession of Irish "martyrs." However, the political infusion was but slight, and did not mar the generally harmonious tone of the oratory. Mr. Gladstone, who appears to have been in excellent form, struck the keynote of praise by lauding international exhibitions in general, and the Paris one in particular. Since England first showed how the thing was to be done in 1851, the glorious idea has gone on fructifying and spreading—"fruitful for industry and the arts of peace, for friendship among the nations, for all that interests the true philanthropist and the citizen." Such, at least, is Mr. Gladstone's conception of the blessings brought upon mankind by Prince Albert's idea. Yet, somehow or other, there seem to have been a good many European wars of considerable magnitude since 1851.

**THE PARTY OF THE FUTURE.**—Lord Hartington has been called some hard names in his time, but no one has ever accused him of being a dreamer. When, therefore, he publicly announces that he sees the creation of a great national party looming in the future, it may be assumed that he has solid reasons for that pleasant forecast. There is no one in a better position to judge what will be the final outcome of the present chaotic condition of parties. With one

hand on the Liberal Unionist pulse, and the other on that of Conservatism, this cool-headed physician can form a shrewd notion of the enduring quality of their suspicious affections. He sees, too, the Gladstonites only bound together—and that not very closely—by the magic name of their leader. With matters in this state it seems impossible that parties will ever re-form on the old lines, and if they do not, there must be some fresh combination of men of light and leading to administer the Empire. Lord Hartington's ideal—like that of a good many other people—is a party of perfectly disinterested patriots, who would never be influenced by any other consideration than the welfare of the people and the safety and prosperity of the Empire. May his aspiration be realised! But before it can be, we shall have to eradicate not a few qualities from average human nature. That detestable tyrant, the "Ego," must somehow be banished with all his attendant imps. When that is contrived, but not until then, we may hope to see the House of Commons a very different sort of assembly to what it has come to be. No log-rolling, no wire-pulling, no promotion of personal interests, no office-seeking, no talking for the sake of being reported! With all deference to Lord Hartington's special sources of information, we are not hopeful that this expurgation of selfishness will take place just yet.

**THE CUSTOMS REPORT.**—Any facts and figures bearing on the increase of trade possess a very cogent interest for most people, and the thirty-third Report of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Customs will be read with considerable satisfaction. The Customs revenue is going up. The gain is not phenomenal; taking the increase of population it is only a little over 1 per cent., on the preceding year, but it is a gain, and for that we have good reason to be thankful. The curious changes in the receipts to which Mr. Goschen alluded in his Budget statement are fully borne out in the Report. The teetotallers have good reason to rejoice in the decline in the consumption of spirits, although this seems to have reached its lowest point and again to show an upward tendency. This revenue is, however, still two-and-a-quarter millions less than it was ten years ago. The figures as to wine will, however, hardly be received with so much approval. An increase of more than eleven per cent. in a year is a significant indication of the increased popularity of wines, especially the lighter wines, which are, by everybody except teetotallers, declared to be a wholesome beverage. It must be a source of satisfaction to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to see that the increased duty on sparkling and bottled wines has resulted in a gain to the Exchequer. Tea, too, has done better than ever, especially Indian tea, owing, (as Mr. Goschen told us) to its greater strength, and consequent popularity with thrifty housewives. At the present rate the Indian teas will soon sell pound for pound with the China teas, instead of, as during the past twelve years, in the proportion of about 1 to 5. But cocoa is the most phenomenal of all these commodities. Here there is a gain of 7,000%, or nearly 10 per cent., in the financial year, one practical result of the establishment of such an immense number of cocoa rooms in London and the provinces. Coffee, on the other hand, is still declining in favour; and, curiously, the consumption of chickory is going down, too. But the most satisfactory statement in the Report is that which refers to the increasing volume of our foreign trade. Have things really taken a turn for the better at last?

**THE ST. LEGER.**—This year's St. Leger was a curious instance of how a race, which for a long time looked as if it would be entirely a "one-horse" affair, suddenly became intensely interesting. One of the few horses which beat the Duke of Portland's Donovan last year was Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, a son of the celebrated Robert the Devil, which in the St. Leger of 1880 turned the tables upon the Derby conqueror, Bend Or. Consequently there was a strong belief—especially in the North, where there is an immense amount of patriotism in regard to horse-racing—that Chitabob would again beat Donovan in this year's Derby, and he was accordingly well supported for the "blue ribbon." But long before the race the Northern champion went amiss, and Donovan, with this obstacle removed, had a long run of success, in which the only break was his chance defeat by Enthusiast in the Two Thousand Guineas. For months before the St. Leger he was backed at odds on, in the belief that the race was at his mercy. Suddenly, however, there were reports that Chitabob was himself again, and they were substantiated by his coming out, and winning a couple of races in succession. He beat only moderate opponents, it is true, but beat them in such fine style that there was no knowing what he might do. Accordingly there was a rush to back him for the St. Leger, and at one time he and Donovan stood almost equal in favouritism. For Donovan was not entirely above suspicion, either. Like so many other good horses—Ormonde in particular—he has begun to "make a noise," and any thick-windedness is regarded as especially prejudicial over the trying Doncaster course; so there were hopes of a fine race. But on Tuesday the hopes of Chitabob's supporters were practically extinguished by their hero again falling lame, and next day, as everybody now knows, Donovan cantered home the easiest of winners.

**ORIENTALISTS IN CONGRESS.**—Mixed with the inevitable element of theories and abstruse problems, a good core of solid matter has accrued to the world from the Oriental Congress at Stockholm. The accomplished *savants* who came from Turkey and Egypt contributed to the stock of general knowledge by rectifying the popular impression that the Koran relegates lovely woman to the position of a mere chattel. Mahomet was far too gallant to ever entertain such an unchivalrous idea, while the learned pundits who built up the Mahomedan Law reserved to the sex a number of valuable legal rights. If, therefore, the daughter of Islam finds herself doomed to the hind seat, that does not reflect upon the religion she professes, but results from the tyranny of man. In Christian England we know something of the practical exclusion of women from fields of labour for which they are admirably suited; nor have there been wanting signs that the Trade Unions would nail, as well as lock, the door against them. The protest made by the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society against the policy of treading out the vernacular languages of subject races brings a very controversial subject to the front. England has reasonably clean hands in this matter; but her administrators in the East are often gravely embarrassed by the multiplicity of tongues in their districts. It is not given to every Englishman to pick up a dozen or so of languages, as the late Colonel Nassau Lees did after a few years' sojourn in India. To the learned it seems sad when an old language dies out; but, in the practical affairs of international life, a *lingua Franca* covering the whole world would have its advantages. A newspaper correspondent, who sends an otherwise interesting account of the Congress, expressed surprise that a Parsi priest should have been able to deliver an address in the purest English, and yet be a sincere believer "in the doctrines of his Fire worship." Why not? There is nothing incompatible with the prescriptions of the human intelligence in the doctrines of that ancient faith.

**SILENCE WANTED.**—It was Mr. Lowell, if we remember aright, who suggested, just before he left England, that it would be a good thing if we were to establish Chairs of Silence in our Universities. Certainly there is a good deal too much talking in England, and especially of political talking. But it is impossible to muzzle our politicians, and so we must continue to put up with the multitude of speeches, in season and out of season. Is there any such difficulty, however, in the way of muzzling our policemen? We cannot help thinking that they are a good deal too free with their tongues in the matter of such things as these Whitechapel murders. Take the last of the series, for example, if indeed it really belong to the series. The crime, it must be remembered, was discovered by a policeman, and the body was conveyed to the station by policemen. Was there any reason why those policemen should not have been forbidden to give any information to the public on the subject of the crime? Such a prohibition would certainly have prevented the newspapers from being filled with a great many disgusting and unnecessary details, and would not probably have in any way interfered with the course of justice. On the contrary, if the body had simply been removed, and nothing said about it for a day or two, it is quite conceivable that the murderer, surprised at hearing nothing of a discovery, might have returned to the place and been captured. The authorities might, at any rate, instruct the police in the event of any future discovery of the kind to hold their tongues.

**GAMING-HOUSE RAIDS.**—The activity of the police, doubtful as it is in some directions, is constantly being demonstrated by raids on gaming-houses. Within the last few days the men in blue have netted another bagful of "punters," together with the proprietor and all the paraphernalia of the board of green cloth. Since no defence has been offered on the part of the chief delinquent, it is needless to labour the question of the exact degree of culpability with which the gambling was conducted in this instance. It is not pretended, we imagine, that play at the Newmarket Club was on the same princely scale as at the Field Club, whereat, Mr. Benson tells us, 16,000*l.* or 17,000*l.* was often lost and won by a player in a night. But the methods of the police are equally dramatic in all these cases. The raid is stealthily planned, and carried out with a promptitude which calls for the highest praise. The list of the names of the defendants makes an imposing show in the daily papers. But, judging by precedent, with the exception of those concerned as principals, for whom matters are unpleasant enough, the chief penalty attached to being found in a common gaming-house is the liability to be called, "willy nilly," as a witness. There is, we believe, an old statute of the reign of Henry VIII., under which all persons so found are liable to the suggestive fine of six shillings and eightpence, but the enactment does not appear to be popular with the authorities. The publicity given to the proceedings is doubtless regarded as punishment enough. The Metropolitan Police have, however, their work cut out for them if they mean to clear London, especially West London, of its gambling clubs.

**A FLORAL CENTENARY.**—The hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the dahlia into England by the Marchioness of Bute has not been allowed to pass by without recognition. The season, which has not been kind to so

many of our garden favourites, has suited dahlias to perfection, and the dahlia shows (which are now being held all over the country) illustrate the immense strides which have been made since they became florists' flowers fifty years ago. The scarlet "Centenary" cactus created quite a sensation at the Crystal Palace Show, and the singles, which are so great an improvement on the old doubles, are in greater variety than ever. Except blue and its compounds, the vain object of the florist's ambition, we now have dahlias of every hue from black (Pioneer) to white, and the varieties are endless. A pure and delicate white, edged with pink, changes into pink striped with buff, then the pink deepens gradually until it becomes a bright glowing crimson, and the buff, passing through an infinite variety of shades, becomes a rich chestnut brown; and so on through almost all the colours of the rainbow, and a great many more. It was in Mexico, in the sandy uplands, that Cervantes—not the author of "Don Quixote," but the Spanish Director of the Mexican Botanic Gardens—found the flower, which Linnæus afterwards christened after his pupil, Andreas Dahl. Although introduced in 1789 into England, the stock failed, and it is Lady Holland who should have the credit of bringing over a second supply in 1804; but it was thought little of here until after the Battle of Waterloo. The English gardeners took a lesson from the French. The dahlia is of the same family as the potato, but it is not, perhaps, surprising that Caspar Bauhin and the colonists who, as the legend runs, brought Sir Walter Raleigh the tubers of the capricious vegetable should have neglected those of its floral cousin.



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**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, containing "AN ARTIST'S NOTES IN HOLLAND," and "A BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE."



PRINCESS BEATRICE IN A COAL-MINE

DURING the recent visit of Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Beatrice to North Wales, Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alice of Hesse, Major Bigge, Colonel Laurie, M.P., and the Mayor of Wrexham (now Sir Evan Morris) visited the Wynnstay Collieries at Ruabon.

The party having been provided with waterproof cloaks, and Princess Beatrice having appended her autograph to the certificate required to qualify her Royal Highness for the office of shot-firing, the descent was commenced. Arriving at the bottom of the shaft, the route to the coal-face was lit up by miners carrying safety-lamps. The ladies were placed in tubs, or small waggons, and pushed along the main working some 500 yards, until the face of the coal was reached.

Their Royal Highnesses appeared to thoroughly enter into the humour of the situation. At the end of the working a number of miners were engaged cutting the coal, the most characteristic attitudes being assumed, so that an adequate idea of the nature of the employment could be formed. A steel pick, manufactured for the use of her Royal Highness, was handed to Princess Beatrice, who dealt several vigorous blows on the coal-face (as portrayed in our illustration), and succeeded in dislodging a block of coal, exclaiming, as she did so, "That is mine."

Princess Alice then asked to be allowed to "try her hand;" after which Prince Henry attacked the seam. The party afterwards retreated up the workings, and from a safe position Princess Beatrice touched an electric battery, which caused a terrific blast of gunpowder, by which several tons of coal were dislodged.

The visitors subsequently returned to the surface, where the miners, numbering 600, were drawn in double lines along the way, and cheered in the most enthusiastic manner. Princess Beatrice begged that the miners might have a day's holiday. The request was granted, and each miner received a shilling f.esh from the Mint as a *souvenir* of the visit.

The Royal party, gazing upon each other's blackened faces in the sunlight, gave themselves up to roars of laughter.

## GROG VERSUS TEA

THE contrast shown in our engravings is by no means intended as a slur upon the morals of our gallant forefathers, those rough sea-dogs whose brave deeds placed England at the head of maritime nations, and gained for themselves a never-dying reputation for skill and daring, but it is always interesting to compare the manners and customs of bygone days with those of the present era. The last century was an age of rum and port wine, and a disappearance under the table was reckoned no more a disgrace for an "officer and a gentleman" than for a fox-hunting squire. Other times, and other men, other manners. Men ride to hounds as hard and as vigorously as their grandfathers, but they no longer stagger semi-torpidly into the drawing-room after dinner, and our sailors have shown no degeneracy in their fighting ardour or their seamanship, but rum is not reckoned so indispensable a part of their existence as it was a hundred or seventy years since. Not that Jack has forsworn alcohol any more than his superiors have forsaken all vinous liquids; but the moderation of the age has tempered his thirst, and he indulges in cocoa in a measure which would have brought down a volley of oburgations from a tar of Marryat's time, while the officers are by no means averse to a cup of that "five o'clock tea" which is so popular on shore when dispensed by feminine fingers. —Our engraving of "Grog" is taken from an old print by Rowlandson, entitled "A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral," and is inscribed with a verse of the well-known song—

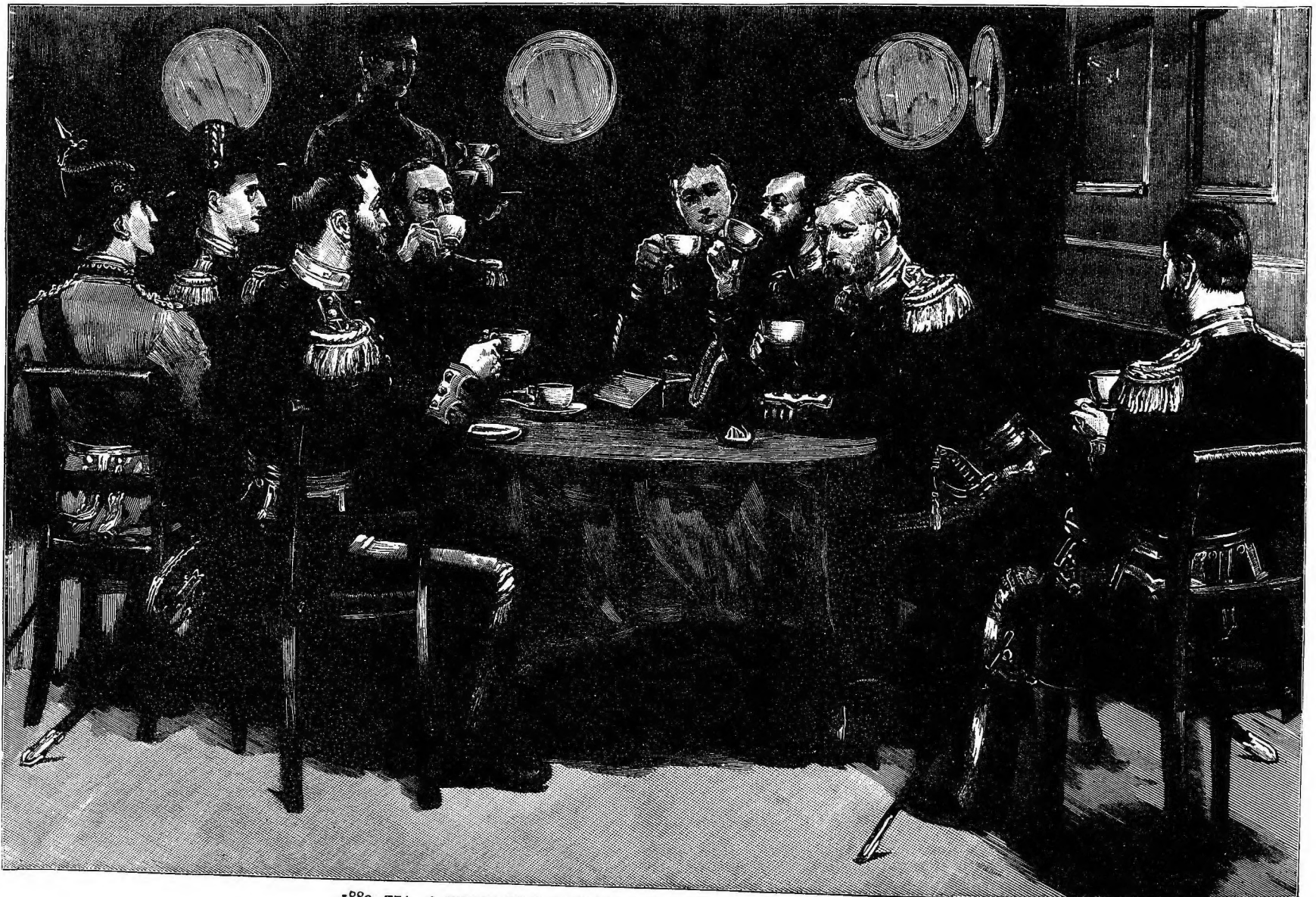
Here's to: The wind that blows,  
The ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor

## THE STRIKES

SUBSEQUENTLY to the publication of our last issue there was a confirmation of the report that some of the wharfingers had substantially conceded the demands of the men, and that to a certain limited extent work on the wharves had been resumed. This step seems to have been unopposed by the Strike Committee, and it may be said to have produced some effect on the directors of the dock companies, confronted as they were at the same time by the declaration of the shipowners that if the dockmen were left to them they could easily terminate the strike, accompanied, as this declaration was, by hints that new docks might be constructed, on the co-operative principle, by the shipowners, who would thus cease to be dependent on the existence of amicable relations between the present dock companies and their labourers. The juncture therefore seemed one which favoured mediation, and mediators offered themselves in the persons of the Lord Mayor, a representative of City interests, of Cardinal Manning, of whose communion there is said to be 40,000 among the strikers, and of the Bishop of London. They summoned to their councils Sir John Lubbock, Sir Andrew Lusk, one a banker the other a merchant, and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. for the Poplar division of the Tower Hamlets, and a prominent promoter of a Strikers' Relief Fund. The result of their deliberations was that they should recommend



1789, GROG—FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD



1889, TEA—A SKETCH ON A MAN-O'-WAR DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANŒUVRES

HOW CUSTOMS CHANGE IN THE NAVY: THE REFRESHMENTS OF TWO CENTURIES



Sir Andrew Lusk

Mr. John Burns

Mr. W. J. Soulsby  
(Private Sec. to the Lord Mayor)

Sir John Lubbock

Cardinal Manning

The Lord Mayor

Mr. Ben Tillett

Mr. Sydney Duxton, M.P. Bishop of London

THE GREAT DOCK STRIKES—CONCILIATION CONFERENCE AT THE MANSION HOUSE

the concession from fivepence to sixpence, not to come into force until March 1st. The next step taken was an invitation from the Lord Mayor to the leaders of the strike to meet the mediators in what has been rightly called a "Conciliation Conference." Only two of the representatives of the men, Mr. John Burns, the most active leader of the strikers, and "Ben" Tillet, availed themselves of the invitation. The impression made on the mediators by the discussion that took place, was that the chief modification proposed by Messrs. Burns and Tillet was the substitution of Jan. 1st for March 1st, and that this substitution having been agreed to, the two representatives of the strikers offered to recommend the proposed terms to the acceptance of their constituents. On the following day, Saturday, Mr. Norwood, on the part of the dock companies, accepted the proposal of the mediators, and, after some minor details suggested on both sides had been adjusted, Messrs. Burns and Tillet, at a second conference, left the mediators, who understood that the two leaders had promised to use their best endeavours to induce the men to accept the proposals which they had themselves approved of. One of the conditions made by the dock directors was that they should receive in the course of that same Saturday the acceptance of the terms by the strikers, to be transmitted through the mediators. Instead of this a communication was sent by Messrs. Burns and Champion (and not signed by Tillet), in which they said that it was impossible for them to give an answer that night, as a full consultation with their constituents, spread over so large an area, could not be effected in a few hours. They significantly added that they did not think that the men would accept the terms agreed on. Yet, in spite of this declaration of the impossibility of giving an answer that night, the Strike Committee, at 11 P.M. on Saturday, issued a manifesto which undid all that the Conciliation Committee seemed to have done, and which insisted, as a condition of the resumption of work, on exactly the same concessions by the dock-owners which had been granted by some of the wharfingers, including the immediate payment, on that resumption, of 6d. per hour.

On Monday morning the three mediators, in a letter to the papers, expressed their astonishment at what they regarded as the repudiation, by Messrs. Burns and Tillet, of the terms which they had agreed to, and they said that if the leaders now continued the strike they would justly forfeit the sympathy shown to them and to their cause. A mass-meeting had been held on Sunday in Hyde Park, but the only light thrown on the proceedings of the leaders of the strike at the conferences was a statement by Mr. Burns that on the acceptance by the dock companies of the date of January 1st, he and Mr. Tillet had said that they would put it to the men, and that if the men accepted it, it would be his duty and that of his colleague to obey. "Then," he added, "Mr. Tillet did say that he would recommend the adoption of these terms to the men, but he made it clear that whatever he might recommend in that direction would not be accepted." On Monday some of the mediators had further conferences with the leaders of the strike, but the proceedings have been kept secret. The processioning, the holding of meetings, and the speech-making continue, and contributions to the Strikers' Fund come in freely, nearly 3,000l. having been received by the Lord Mayor from Australia alone. The intimidation brought to bear on willing workers by the carefully-organised pickets of the strikers has been little checked by the sentences of a shorter or longer period of imprisonment with hard labour which metropolitan police-magistrates are passing on here and there a convicted delinquent, and a deputation from the Corn Exchange have been to the Home Office to urge more stringent interference with the system of picketing. A counter deputation of lightermen went afterwards to the Home Office to deny that their picketing was accompanied by intimidation, or required the intervention of the Executive.

On Tuesday evening Cardinal Manning had an interview with the Strike Committee, and is understood to have proposed as a compromise that the 6d. per hour should come into operation on the 1st of November instead of the 1st of January. On the morning of Tuesday the usual meeting of strikers was held on Tower Hill, and was addressed by Mr. Tillet and Mr. Burns. On the whole, the tone of their speeches was more conciliatory than before. Mr. Burns said that a large number of men had returned to the wharves at the advanced scale of wages, and that he was glad to see them looking so happy and contented. At another meeting on Wednesday, Mr. Tillet stated that the Strike Committee had at their bank 9,000l. with which to fight their battle.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Tillet, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside, E.C.; Mr. Soulsby, by E. J. Stoneham, 79, Cheapside, E.C.; H. E. Cardinal Manning, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the Right Rev. the Bishop of London, by Browning, 11, Bedford Circus, Exeter; Sir Andrew Lusk and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

## THE GRASMERE AND LAKE DISTRICT ATHLETIC SPORTS,

SEE page 327.—Our portraits are from photographs by Herman Baldry, Grasmere.

### THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP

HENRY ERNEST SEARLE is the youngest man who has ever held the title of Champion Sculler of the World. He was born at Grafton, Clarence River, New South Wales, on July 14th, 1866, and is therefore only just over three-and-twenty. His first important match was in January of last year, when he defeated Christian Nelson, and he afterwards defeated Stansbury, Nelson again, and, finally, Kemp, who had claimed the Championship of the World after Beach's retirement. Searle stands 5 ft. 10½ in. in height, and scales 11 st. 8 lbs. when in condition. His opponent, William J. O'Connor, has also had a very successful career. Born in Toronto, Canada, on May 4th, 1863, he won many races as an amateur, and, in 1885, turned professional. Since then he has beaten such good men as Hamm, Hosmer, Gaudaur, and Teemer, and has consequently obtained the title of Champion of America. He is 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and weighs in condition 11 st. 10 lbs. Of the actual race not much need be written. The betting, which had been 6 to 5 on Searle, veered round to 5 to 4 on O'Connor, and the latter for a moment flattered his backers by gaining half a length at the start. This advantage, however, he did not long maintain, for Searle, rowing a long and steady stroke, gradually crept up; and, as O'Connor caught a crab, was soon enabled to come up level, and then to draw away. At Hammersmith Bridge, reached in 8 min. 38 secs, the best time on record, Searle was two clear lengths ahead, and he finally passed the winning-post the easiest of winners in the good time of 22 min. 42 seconds.—We are enabled, by the courtesy of the Editor of the *Sporting Life*, to publish the portraits of the two scullers, which are from photographs; that of Searle by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, and that of O'Connor by Taber, 8, Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

### A LEOPARD-HUNT IN UPPER BURMA

FOR the first time in the annals of sport in Upper Burma the leopard has made his appearance in the hunting-field. Not that these animals are by any means rare in this country—in fact, they are shot from time to time by energetic sportsmen; but to ride one

down and spear it—a form of shikar common enough in India—is an idea which appears, as far as Burma is concerned, to have originated at May-my, the hill-station of Mandalay, where the garrison recently turned out in great force to try their skill with the spear.

Leopards had been for some time prowling about the post carrying off dogs and other convenient morsels; and their boldness reached such a pitch that a dog was taken off from the verandah of a bungalow where he and his master were peacefully slumbering. Through the skill and ingenuity of the 42nd Ghorkha Light Infantry, a trap was constructed, and baited with a young and tempting goat, which ultimately succeeded in luring the nightly prowler to destruction.

He was found one morning safe in the trap. From this he was conveyed in a box to an open space outside the village, turned loose, and pursued, everybody who could procure a mount being present, a contingent of cavalry forming by far the largest proportion of the shikharries. After a short, but somewhat exciting chase, he was ridden down and slain—not before, however, he had made a gallant struggle for freedom, making several desperate charges, in which more than one horse and rider came very near being severely mauled. There were no casualties, however; and the skin of the leopard now adorns the mess-room of the 42nd Ghorkha Light Infantry.—Our sketches are by A. E. Congdon, Lieutenant Second Royal Munster Fusiliers, May-my, Upper Burma.

### SKETCHES AT YARMOUTH

THERE is much to see at Yarmouth besides the sea and the throng on pleasure bent which crowd the shore. Some years since we published a Supplement, illustrating some of the chief features of the town, with its dark but picturesque "Rows," and its fine old parish church—the largest, we believe, in England. Our artist in the present sketches has confined himself to the scenes on the beach and pier—with one exception, the market, "this," he writes, "is perhaps the most important in the East of England." In his next illustration, "Aunt and Nephew," he has depicted a young hopeful in charge of a maiden relative who keeps him chained to her side, lest he might stray, and get his feet wet. In the sketch underneath a very characteristic scene is portrayed. A small party have made up their minds to risk the perils of a sea-voyage—the children of the family being wisely left on the sands to await their safe return. The beachmen are pushing off the boat, and as with a long last hawl they push her fairly into the water, one of them jumps in, and the *Seamew* is off. Another sketch shows her being hauled up on the sands after her return. This operation affords much opportunity for showing evenness of temper on the part of the beachmen. Some of the amateur haulers will not stop when they are shouted at, and then the man with the rollers finds some difficulty in doing his portion of the work, and is howled at and howls back accordingly. Anybody who is handy is invited, nay entreated, to bear a hand, and even small visitors—witness the youngsters at the head of the rope—are pressed into the service. The sketch, "On the Jetty," was taken while the band was playing. Many of the visitors like being packed in a species of tent which soon becomes uncomfortably hot, while the music sounds unpleasantly loud. More sensible folk prefer the outside, where it is agreeably cool, while distance lends enchantment to the strains of the band. Another favourite amusement here, as at all other seaside resorts, is fishing. The scene depicted is very calm and peaceful, as nobody speaks; one and all being very intent upon the gentle craft. The centre sketch of our double-page will give some idea of the every-day life down by the yachts. Why the people choose this particular part of the beach at all is a mystery, for they do not seem to look at the vessels, but sit closely together and talk to their friends and acquaintances, read their newspaper, and submit to unlimited teasing on the part of the infantile portion of the community.—Our illustrations are from water-colour drawings by W. A. Bettesworth, Blandford, Dorset.

### NOTES ON A LONG SEA VOYAGE

MANY and varied are the amusements that passengers on a long voyage get up among themselves, but they are always eagerly on the look-out for some new pastime, and gladly hail the advent of the snowy albatross or the appearance of a shark as a promise of good sport. Fishing for albatross is an especially favourite occupation, as it entails little trouble beyond throwing the bait overboard and letting it trail until the birds swoop down upon it. Trolling for sharks, however, is a very different matter, as some little skill is needed to haul the savage monster on board. Even then he flops and flounders about in a very alarming manner, until his career is brought to an end by a timely chop which nearly severs his tail from his body. On a long voyage, say from London round the Cape to Australia, almost every species of climate is encountered, save the extreme Arctic, and the passenger need be prepared for all eventualities, from an icy gale in the "forties" to the melting heat of a vertical sun in the tropics.

### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

#### THE SEA INVADING A WARDROOM GALLEY

THIS illustration shows an episode on board the *Conqueror* while, with her consorts, she chased the enemy. During one of her plunges she shipped a sea, which found its way down the ventilators of the ward-room galley, on to the hot stove, sending up clouds of steam, producing a miniature explosion and scattering the men, to whom it seems to afford great amusement.

### HOVELLING AT DEAL,

See page 339.

### THE FATAL EXPLOSION AND FIRE AT ANTWERP

THE explosion at Antwerp proves one of the most fatal catastrophes ever known in Belgium. A large cartridge factory, belonging to M. Corvillain, was situated close to the docks, amongst petroleum depôts and other inflammable stores. Fifty million cartridges were housed in the factory, and the majority of the hands were busy breaking up a quantity of old Spanish cartridges to use the balls and metallic envelopes afresh, when, on Friday afternoon, from some unknown cause, a terrific explosion occurred, completely destroying the factory and its inmates. The shock was so great, that its effects were felt fifteen miles away, while, in Antwerp itself, the roofs of the houses and churches were damaged, the windows broken, and even a portion of the Bourse gave way. People rushed into the streets in panic, and saw a mass of white smoke, like a gigantic mushroom, hanging over the docks, while showers of burning fragments fell over the city, and miniature fusillades were heard on all sides as the packets of cartridges burst which had been thrown to great distances. Worse still, the explosion fired two large Russian petroleum warehouses close by, and a tremendous conflagration raged for two days, not being subdued until Sunday afternoon, and destroying the Government petroleum stores and other important warehouses. The heat of the flames was so great that little could be done beyond localising the fire, although the soldiers, police, and townspeople energetically assisted the firemen. Many vessels had their decks covered with burning petroleum and ran out into the river for safety, and at one time it was feared that the docks would be destroyed altogether, but happily no serious damage was done either to the docks or shipping. The immediate

neighbourhood of the explosion and subsequent fire is a perfect wreck, nothing but ruins and charred remains of buildings remaining of the busy village which formerly encircled the factory. Fully 150 persons were killed—many being young girls—200 others were taken to the hospitals seriously injured, and another 100 were treated at home for slight wounds. It is impossible at present, however, to accurately estimate the number of killed, as in many cases the remains were charred beyond recognition, and could only be collected in sacks. Many persons also who were working on boats at some distance were injured. Thousands of people poured into Antwerp to look for relatives or view the conflagration, King Leopold coming on Sunday afternoon to visit the wounded in the hospitals, while money is being freely subscribed for the families of the victims. On Monday the city was in deep mourning for the funeral of eighty dead, who were taken from the hospitals in solemn procession to the public cemetery, whilst the church bells tolled, and many shops were shut. Now that the first excitement has subsided, people complain bitterly that such dangerous business should not be carried on at a safe distance from the centre of commerce and shipping. Indeed, the Town Council had refused M. Corvillain permission to erect his factory on that site, but a superior Government order overruled their objection, with the present disastrous result. Now M. Corvillain will be prosecuted for infringing certain important regulations for safety, although he declares that the explosion did not result from any cause in the factory itself, but from some shock outside. Queen Victoria telegraphed her sympathy with the sufferers.

### NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

See page 342.



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., opening at Birmingham a Sunday School of the New Connexion Methodists, said that public opinion seemed slowly but surely tending in the direction of the belief that the Church of England would gain if she rested upon voluntary support and did without the assistance and control of the State. But if there was still a privileged Church, it was no longer, except in rare instances, a persecuting Church. Dissenters would find a hearty welcome among the best, the ablest, and the most intelligent ministers and laymen of the Church.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL devoted his recent speech at Machynlleth almost entirely to a defence of the Church in Wales. To the usual arguments in favour of an Established compared with a voluntary church, he added the prediction that before another generation the Church in Wales would have enormously increased her popular strength, so as largely, if not altogether, to remove the disparity of numbers that now exists between herself and her opponents there.

NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS AND THE STRIKERS.—Speeches, expressive of sympathy with the strikers, were made at a meeting this week of pastors and office-bearers of London Nonconformist churches, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Hannay. A resolution breathing the same spirit was, however, withdrawn, and those which were adopted were to the effect that the severity of the distress consequent on the dock labourers' strike will be more acutely felt for several weeks after the strike has ceased to monopolise public attention than it is now. It was therefore agreed that all the Nonconformist churches should arrange to increase their contributions to the Relief Fund by collections and subscriptions as promptly and largely as possible.—The Rev. C. H. Kelly, President of the Wesleyan Conference, was present, and spoke in favour of the strikers at the ninth free breakfast given to some 700 men on strike by the St. George's Wesleyan Mission, Cable Street, which also provides free dinners for the strikers' families, without distinction of creed, representing a constituency of 2,600.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of Ely is taking part in a Retreat at Jesus College, Cambridge, held for University men before the commencement of the autumn term.—Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., solicitor to the London School Board, read the Lessons and preached on Sunday at Immanuel Church, Eastbourne, a proprietary chapel, the pastor of which is not ordained, but uses the Church of England service. A collection was made for the Church Missionary Society.—Mr. Spurgeon's health continues to be so precarious that before giving out the text for his sermon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday he expressed a grave fear that this would be one of the last few occasions on which he would be able to address his friends.



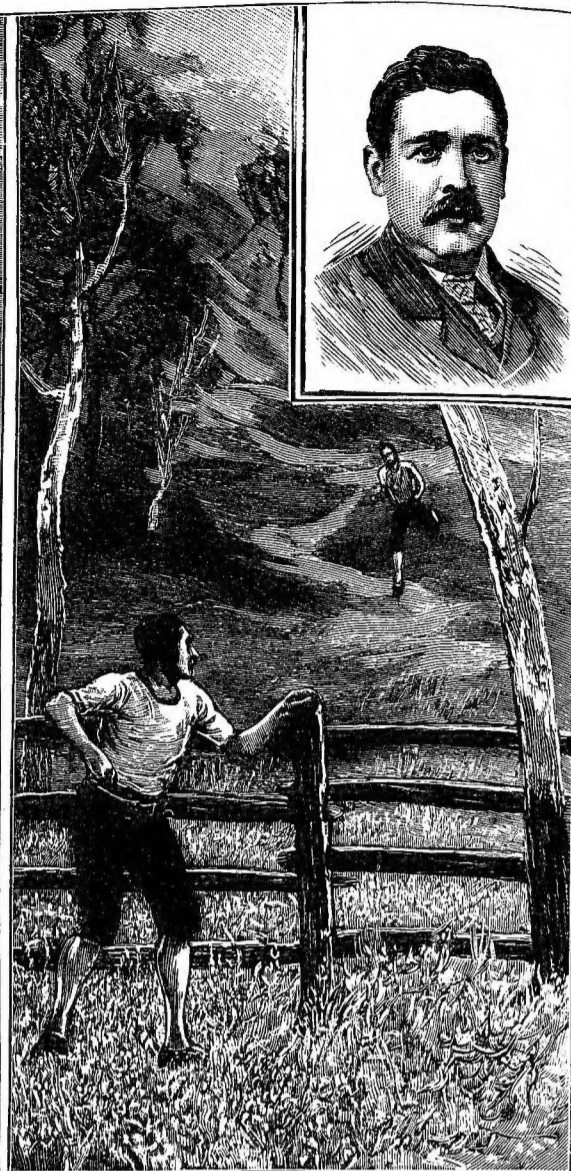
LORD HARTINGTON has opened the Unionist campaign of the recess by delivering a very striking speech to a gathering of West Yorkshire Unionists at Ilkley. Some of its most suggestive passages were those in which he declared that the Unionist alliance was now stronger than ever because it had been found that the two parties agree upon other matters than those affecting the Union and the government of Ireland; for instance, foreign and colonial policy, the strengthening of the national defences, and the extension of local self-government in England and Scotland. "I cannot doubt," Lord Hartington said, impressively, "that all that is taking place from day to day, the common labours in which we are engaged, the common interests we are learning to uphold and to defend, are laying the foundation, at some not very distant time, of a still greater National party, which shall know no other bond than that of Imperial interests and of common effort to elevate the condition of our countrymen all over the United Kingdom." This prediction of the Liberal Unionist leader was received with enthusiastic applause.

MR. JAMES CAIRD, so well known as a writer and authority on agriculture and agricultural questions, has been made a Privy Councillor, and appointed a Commissioner in the new Board of Agriculture.

THE BY-ELECTIONS.—Five seats are now vacant, one in the Sleaford division of Lincolnshire, through the appointment of Mr. Chaplin, who seeks re-election, to the presidency of the Board of Agriculture; a second in North Bucks, by the elevation to the peerage, through the death of his father, Lord Addington, of the sitting member the Hon. Egerton Hubbard; a third at Dundee, by the death of Mr. Firth; a fourth in Elgin and Nairn shires, by the death of Mr. Anderson, Q.C., and a fifth, at Peterborough, by the death, on Wednesday, of the Hon. G. William Wentworth Fitzwilliam (L.U.).—In Lincolnshire, Mr. Chaplin

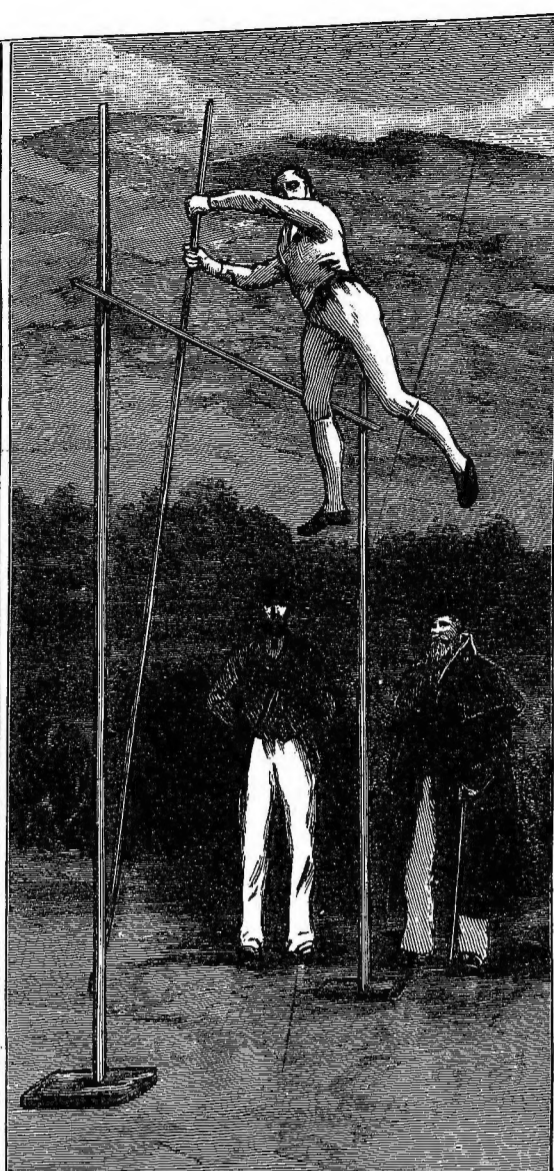
THE EXTERMINATION OF RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA seems as far off as ever, although 1,400 schemes were laid before the New South Wales Government in competition for their offered reward of 25,000*l.* Not one plan was considered practicable, and M. Pasteur's proposal to infect the rabbits with chicken-cholera shared the same fate. The virus of the disease at once killed the rabbits when given in food, but the infected animals did not affect others. The members of the Intercolonial Rabbit Commissioners therefore recommend the old remedy of erecting wire netting rabbit-proof fences. Erecting these fences would be compulsory on occupiers of land, the State supplying them on unoccupied ground.

GEORGE LOWDEN  
The Coming Man

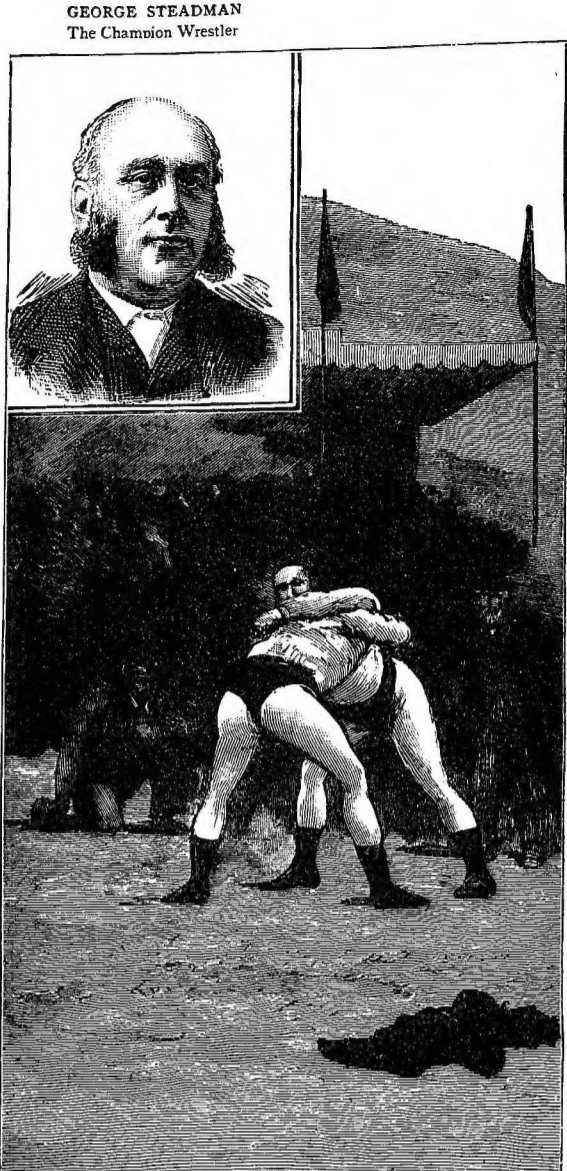


THE GUIDES' RACE

The winner, as he enters the last field, looks back for a second to see who follows, and the distance to spare



POLE JUMPING



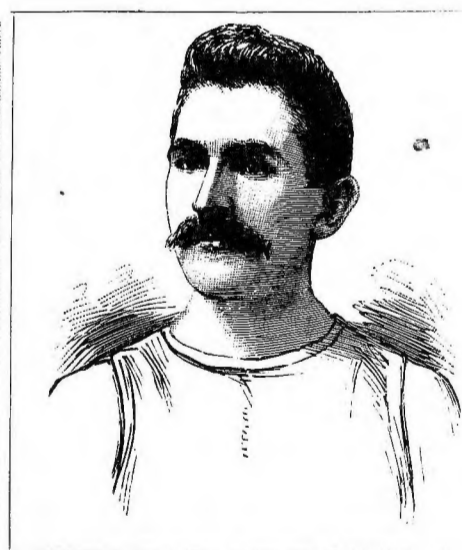
GEORGE STEADMAN  
The Champion Wrestler

WRESTLING: THE STRUGGLE BEGINS

THE GRASMERE AND LAKE DISTRICT SPORTS, WESTMORLAND



H. E. SEARLE  
The Australian Champion



W. O'CONNOR  
The Canadian Champion



Charles W. Wyllie

THE GREAT SCULLING MATCH ON THE THAMES BETWEEN SEARLE AND O'CONNOR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—  
THE START FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

With his forefinger the keeper indicated the stag at which Lionel was to fire.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### VENATOR IMMEMOR

AND why was it, when in course of time it became practicable to arrange a deer-stalking expedition for him, why was it that he voluntarily chose to encounter what Lord Rockminster had called the very extremes of fatigue and human misery? He knew that he was about to undergo tortures of anxiety and privation; and, what was worse, he knew he was going to miss. He had saturated his mind with gillies' stories of capital shots who had completely lost their nerve on first catching sight of a stag. The "buck-ague" was already upon him. Not for him was there waiting away in these wilds some Muckle Hart of Ben More to gain a deathless fame from his rifle-bullet. He was about to half-kill himself with the labours of a long and arduous expedition, and at the end of it he foresaw himself returning home defeated, dejected, in the deepest throes of mortification and chagrin.

And look what he was giving up. Here was a whole house-full of charming women all ready to pet him and make much of him; and in their society he would be at home, dealing with things with which he was familiar. Lady Sybil would be grateful to him if he helped her with the music she was arranging for "Alfred: a Masque;" he could be of abundant service, too, to Lady Rosamund, who was now making individual studies for her large drawing of "Luncheon on the Twelfth;" though perhaps he could not lend much aid to Lady Adela, who was understood to be getting on very well with her new novel. But at all events he would be in his own element; he would be among things that he understood; he would be no trembling ignoramus adventuring forth into the unknown. And yet when early in the morning the old and sturdy pony was brought round to the door, and when the brown-bearded Roderick had shouldered the rifle and was ready to set forth, Lionel had little thought of surrendering his chance to any one else.

"I call this very shabby treatment," his burly and good-humoured host said, as he stood at the open door. "When a man goes stalking, if there's a pretty girl in the house, she ought to make her appearance and give him a little present for good luck. It's an understood thing; it's an old custom; and yet there isn't one of those lazy creatures down yet."

"This is the best I can do for you, old fellow," Percy Lestrangle said at the same moment. "I can't give you the flask, for my sister Georgie gave it to me; but I will lend it to you for the day; and it's filled with an excellent mixture of curaçoa and brandy. You'll want some comfort; and I don't expect they'll let you smoke. What do you think of my crest?"

He handed the silver flask to Lionel, who found engraved on the side of it a merry and ingenious device consisting of two briar-root pipes, crossed, and surrounded by a heraldic garter bearing the legend "*Dulce est de-sip-ere in loco?*" Was this Miss Georgie's little joke? Anyhow he pocketed the flask with much gratitude; he guessed he might have need of it, if all tales were true.

"I hope you'll get a presentable head," Sir Hugh said. "The stags themselves are not in very good condition yet; but the horns are all right—the velvet's off."

"It doesn't much matter," Lionel made answer, contentedly. "I know beforehand I am going to miss. Well, good-bye, for the present! Go ahead, Maggie!"

But at the same moment there was a glimmer of a grey dress in the twilight of the hall; and the next moment Honnor Cunyngham appeared on the doorstep, the morning light shining on her smiling face.

"Mr. Moore," she said, coming forward without any kind of embarrassment, "there's an old custom—didn't my brother tell you?—you must take a little gift from some one in the house, just as you are going away, for good luck. You haven't yet? Here it is, then."

"It is exceedingly kind of you," said he; "and I wish I could make the omen come true; but I have no such hope. I know I am going to miss."

"You are going to kill a stag!" said she, confidently. "That is what you are going to do. Well—good-bye, and good luck!"

So the little party of three—Lionel, Roderick, and the attendant gillie—straightway left the lodge, and began to make for the head of the strath. And it was not altogether about deer that Lionel was now thinking. The tiny, thin packet he held in his hand seemed to burn there. What was it Honnor Cunyngham had brought down stairs for him? However trivial it might be, surely it was something he could keep. She had given it to him for good luck; but her wishes were not confined to this one day? Then, when he had got some distance from the house, so that his curiosity could not be observed, he threw the reins on Maggie's neck, and proceeded to open this small packet covered with white paper. What did he find there?—why, only a sixpence—a bright new sixpence—not to be compared in value with the dozens on dozens of presents which were lavished upon him by his fair admirers in London—courteous little attentions which, it must be confessed, he had grown to regard with a somewhat callous indifference. Only a small bright coin this was; and yet he carefully wrapped up the precious talisman in its bit of tissue paper; and as carefully he put it away in a waistcoat pocket, where it would be safe even among the rough-and-tumble experiences that lay before him. The day seemed

all the happier, all the more hopeful, that he knew this little token of friendly sympathy was in his possession. Ought not a lucky sixpence to have a hole bored in it? He could wear it in secret, even if she might not care to see it hanging at his watch-chain; and who could tell what subtle influence it might not bring to bear on his fortunes, wholly apart from the stalking of stags? He grew quite cheerful; he forgot his nervousness; he was talking gaily to the somewhat taciturn Roderick, who, nevertheless, no doubt much preferred to find his pupil in this confident mood.

Their course at first lay along the nearer bank of the Aivron; but when they had got away up the strath towards the neighbourhood of the Bad Step—which was of course impassable for the pony—Lionel had to separate from his companions, and ford the river, following up the other side. Fortunately there was not much water in the stream; old Maggie knew her way well enough; and with nothing more than an occasional stumble among the slippery boulders and loose stones they reached the opposite bank in safety. About a mile further up the return-crossing had to be made; but this second ford was shallow and easy; and thenceforward the united party went on together. At last they struck the Geinig; and here a rude track took them away from the valley of the Aivron altogether, into a solitary land of moor and rock.

It was a still and rather lowering morning; but yet he did not perceive any gloom in it at all; nay, there was rather a tender and wistful beauty up in this lonely wilderness he was entering. The heavy masses of cloud hung low and brooding over the purple hills; the heavens seemed to be in close communion with the murmuring streams in these otherwise voiceless solitudes; the long undulations were not darkly stained, they only lay under a soft, transparent shadow. Even among the greys and purple-greys of the sky there was here and there a mild sheen of silver; and now and again a pale radiance would begin to tell upon an uprising slope, until something almost like sunlight shone there, glorifying the lichened rocks and the crimson heather. This was one of the days that Honnor Cunyngham loved; and he, too, had got to appreciate their sombre beauty, the brooding calm, the gracious silence, when he went with her on her fishing-expeditions into the wilds. And here was her favourite Geinig—sometimes with tawny masses boiling down between the boulders, sometimes sweeping in a black-brown current round a sudden curve, and sometimes racing over silver-grey shallows; but always with this continuous murmur that seemed to offer a kind of companionship where there was no other sound or sign of life. And would she be up here later on, he asked himself, with a curious kind of interest? Would she have a thought for the small party that had passed in the early morning and disappeared into the remote and secret fastnesses among those lonely hills?

Might she linger on in the evening, in the hope of finding them coming home again—perchance with joyful news? For, after all, this lucky sixpence had buoyed up his spirits; he was not so entirely certain he would miss, if anything like a fair chance presented itself; and he knew that if that chance did offer, he would bring all that was in him to bear on the controlling of his nerves—he would not breathe—his life would be concentrated on the small cleft of the rifle—if his heart cracked in twain the instant after the trigger was pulled.

But these vague and anxious speculations were soon to be discarded for the immediate interests of the moment. They were getting near to the ground—after a sufficiently rough journey of close on eight miles; and now, as they came to the bed of a little burn, Lionel was bidden to descend from his venerable steed; the saddle was taken off; and old Maggie was hobbled, and left to occupy herself with the fresh sweet grass growing near to the stream.

"Now look here, Roderick," Lionel said, "I'm entirely in your hands, and mind you don't spare me. Since I'm in for it, I mean to see it through."

"When it is after a stag we are, there is no sparing of any one," said Roderick, significantly, as he took out his telescope. "And you will think of this, sir, that if we are crawling along, and come on the deer without expecting it, and if they see you, then you will lie still like a stone. Many's the time they will chist stand and look at you, if you do not move; and then slowly, slowly you will put your head down in the heather again, and wait till I tell you what to do. But if you go out of sight quick—ay, so will they."

At first, as it appeared to Lionel, they went forward with a dangerous fearlessness, the keeper merely using his natural eyesight to search the slopes and corries; but presently he began to go more warily; again and again he paused, to watch the motion of the white rags of cloud clinging to the hill-sides; and occasionally, as they got up into the higher country, he would lie down with his back on a convenient mound, cross one knee over the other, and, with this rest for his telescope, proceed to scrutinise, inch by inch, the vast prospect before him. There was no more talking now. There was a kind of stealthiness in their progress, even when they walked erect; but it soon appeared to Lionel that Roderick, who went first, seemed to be keeping a series of natural eminences between them and a certain distant tract of this silent and lonely land. It was only a guess; but it accounted for all kinds of circuitous little turns; anyhow there was nothing for him but to follow blindly whither he was led. Of course he kept his eyes open; but there was no sign of life anywhere in this barren wilderness; there was nothing but the empty undulations of heath and thick grass, with sometimes a little tarn coming in sight, and always the further hills forming a sort of solitary amphitheatre along the horizon.

Suddenly Roderick stopped short, and quietly put out his hand to arrest the progress of his companions. Involuntarily they stooped; and he not only did likewise, but presently he was on his back on the heather, with the telescope balanced above. After a long and earnest scrutiny, he offered the glass to Lionel.

"They're there," he said, "but in an ahfu' bad place for us."

Eagerly Lionel got hold of the telescope, and tried to balance it as the keeper had done; but either his hand was trembling, or the wind had a purchase on the long tube, or he was unaccustomed to its use: at all events he could make out nothing but nebulous and uncertain patches of colour.

"Tell me where they are," he said quickly, as he put aside the glass. "I have good eyes."

"Do you see the grey scar on the hill-side yonder?—then right below that the rocks—and then the open place—can you see them now? Ay, and there's not a single hind with them—"

"They're all stags?" exclaimed Lionel, breathlessly.

"Every one," said Roderick. "And when there's no hinds with them, it is easier to get at them, for they're not near so wary as the hinds; but that is a bad place where they are feeding the now—a terrible bad place. I'm thinking it is no use to try to get near them there; but they will keep feeding on and on until they get over the ridge; and what we will do now is we will chist go aweh down wind, and get round to them from another air."

It was little that Lionel knew what was involved in this apparently simple scheme. At first everything was easy enough; for when they had fallen back out of sight of the deer, they merely set forth upon a long walk down wind, going erect, without any trouble. It is true that Lionel in time began to think that the keeper, instead of having the deer in mind, was bent on a pilgrimage into Cromarty or Sutherland, or perhaps towards the shores of the Atlantic; but this interminable tramp was a mere trifle compared with their labours when they began to go up wind again. For now there was nothing but stooping, and crawling, and slouching behind hillocks, up peat-hags, and through marshy swamps; while the heat produced by all this painful toil was liable to a sudden chill whenever a halt was called to enable Roderick to writhe his prostrate figure up to the top of some slight eminence, where, raising his head inch by inch, he once more informed himself of the whereabouts of the deer. There seemed to be no end to this snake-like squirming along the ground and creeping behind rocks and hillocks; in fact they were now in a quite different tract of country from that in which they had first caught sight of the stags—a much more wild and sombre landscape was this, with precipitous black crags overhanging a sullen and solitary loch that had not a bush or a tree along its lifeless shores. As for Lionel, he fought along without repining. His arms were soaking wet up to the elbows; his legs were in a like condition from his knees downward. Then he was damp with perspiration; while ever and anon, when he had to lie prone in the moist grass, or crouch like a frog behind a rock, the cold wind from the hills sent a shiver down his spine or seemed to strike like an icy dagger through his chest. But he took it all as part of the day's work. There was in his possession a little silver token that afforded him much content. He would acquit himself like a man—if he could; at any rate, he would not grumble.

After what seemed ages of this inconceivable torture, Lionel was immensely relieved to find the keeper—after a careful survey from the top of a mound to which he had crawled, motion with his hand to him to come up to his side. This he did with the greatest circumspection, scarcely raising his head above the grass and heather; and then, when he had joined Roderick, he began to peer through the waving stalks and twigs just before his eyes. Suddenly his gaze was arrested by certain brown tips—tips that were moving: were these the stags' horns, he asked himself in a kind of bewilderment of fear? There could be no doubt of it. The beasts were now lying down—he could not see their bodies—but clearly enough he could make out their branching antlers, as they lazily moved their heads, or perhaps turned to flick a fly away.

"They're too far off, aren't they?" Lionel whispered—and despite all his sworn resolves to keep calm, he felt his heart going as if it would choke him.

"They're lying down now," Roderick said, with professional coolness, "and they're right out in the open: it is no use at all trying to get near them until they get up in the afternoon and begin to feed again, and then maybe they will feed over the shoulder yonder. No use at all," said he; but just at this moment his quick eye caught sight of something else that had just appeared on the edge of one of the lower slopes, and the expression of his face

instantly changed—into something like alarm. "Bless me, look at that now!"

Lionel slowly and cautiously turned his head; and then, quite clearly, he could see a small company of seven or eight stags that had come along from quite a different direction. They paused at the crest of the slope, looking all about them.

"Was ever anything so mischievous!" Roderick exclaimed, in smothered vexation. "If they come over this way they will get our wind; and then it is good-bye to all of them. And we cannot get away neither—well, well, was there ever the like now! There is only the one chance—maybe they will go along to the others, and keep with them till they begin feeding in the afternoon. Indeed, now, it is a terrible peety if we are to miss such a chance—and not a hind anywhere to be on the watch!"

Happily, however, Roderick's immediate fears were soon dispelled. The newcomers slowly descended the slope; then they bore up the valley again; and after walking about a while, they followed the example of the rest of the herd, and lay down on the heather.

"Ay, ay, that is better now," Roderick said, with much satisfaction. "That is ferry well now. And since there is nothing to be done till the whole of them get up to feed in the afternoon, we will chist creep aweh down into a peat-hag, and wait there, and you can have your lunch, sir."

So there was another crawling performance down from this exposed height; and eventually the small party managed to hide themselves in a black and moist peat-hag, where their extremely frugal repast was produced.

"But look here, Roderick," Lionel said, "it's only twelve o'clock now: do you mean to say we have to stop in this wet hole till two or three in the afternoon?"

"Ay, chist that," the keeper said coolly. "They will begin to feed about three; and until they go over the ridge, it is no use at all trying to get near them."

"And what are we to do all the time?"

"Chist wait," Roderick said, with much simplicity; and then he and the gillie withdrew a little way down the peat-hag, so that they might have their luncheon, and a cautious whispering in Gaelic, by themselves.

It was tantalising in the last degree. The breathless consciousness that the deer were close by made him all the more impatient for the half-dreaded opportunity of having a shot at one of them. He wished it was well over. If he was going to miss, he wanted to have his agony of mortification encountered and done with, instead of enduring this maddening delay. The peat-hag became a prison; and a very uncomfortable prison too. His sandwiches were soon disposed of: thereafter—what? He dared not smoke; he had no book with him; the keeper and the gillie, having withdrawn themselves, were exchanging confidences in their native tongue. His clothes were wet and cold and clammy; Percy Lestrangle's flask appeared to afford him no comfort whatever. And of course the longer he brooded over the chances of hit or miss, the more appalling became the responsibility. How much depended on that fifteenth part of a second! He was half inclined to say—"Here, Roderick, I can bear this anxiety no longer. Let us get as near the deer as we can; sight the rifle for a long distance, you whistle the stags on to their legs—and I'll blaze into the thick of them. Anything to get the shot over and done with!"

Indeed this intolerable waiting was about as bad a thing as could have happened to his nerves; but it did not last quite as long as the keeper had anticipated; for about two o'clock Roderick ascertained that the stags were up again and feeding. This was good news—anything was good news, in fact, that broke in upon this sickening suspense: had Lionel been informed that the deer had taken alarm and disappeared at full gallop, he would have said "Amen!" and set out for home with a light heart. But by and by, when it was discovered that the stags had gone over the ridge—one of them remained on the crest for a long time, staring right across the valley, so that the stalkers dared not move hand or foot—when this last sentinel had also withdrawn, the slouching and skulking devices of the morning had to be resumed. Not a word was spoken; but Lionel knew that the fateful moment was approaching. Then, when they began to ascend the ridge over which the stags had disappeared, their progress culminated in a laborious crawl, Roderick going first, with the rifle in one hand, Lionel dragging himself after, the gillie coming on as best he might. It was slow work now. The keeper went forward inch by inch, as if at any moment he expected to find a stag staring down upon him. And at last he lay quite still: then, with the slightest movement of his disengaged hand, he beckoned Lionel to come up beside him.

Now was the time for all his desperate and summoned calmness. He shut his lips firm, breathing only by his nose; he gradually pushed his way through the tall, withered grass; and at last, when he was almost side by side with Roderick, he peered forward. They were startlingly near, those brown and dun beasts with the branching antlers!—he almost shrank back—and yet he gazed and gazed with a strange fascination. The stags, which were not more than fifty or sixty yards off, were quite unconscious of any danger; they were quietly feeding; sometimes one of them would cease, and raise his head, and look lazily around. Just at this moment, too, a pale sunlight began to shine over the plateau on which they stood; and a very pretty picture it lit up—the silver-grey rocks, the wild heath, and those slim and elegant creatures grouped here and there as chance directed. Every single feature of the scene (as he discovered long thereafter) was burned into Lionel's brain; yet he was not aware of it at the time; his whole attention, as he imagined, was directed towards keeping himself cool and restrained and ready to obey Roderick's mute directions. The rifle was stealthily given to him, and as stealthily pushed through the grass. With his forefinger the keeper indicated the stag at which Lionel was to fire: it was rather lighter in colour than the others, and was standing a little way apart. Lionel took time to consider, as he thought; in reality it was to still the quick pulsation of his heart; and as he did so the stag, unfortunately for him, moved, so that instead of offering him an easy broad-side shot, it almost faced him, with its head down. Still, at any moment it might afford a fairer mark; and so, with the utmost caution, and with his lips still shut tight, he slowly raised himself somewhat, and got the rifle into his hands. Yes, the stag had again moved: its shoulder was exposed: his eyes inquired of Roderick if now was the time; and the keeper nodded assent.

The awful crisis had arrived; and he seemed to blind himself and deaden himself to all things in this mortal world except the little notch in the rifle, the shining sight, and that fawn-coloured object over there. He took a long breath; he steadied and steadied the slightly-trembling barrel until it appeared perfectly motionless; and then—he fired!

Alas! at the very moment that he pulled the trigger—when it was too late for him to change his purpose—the stag threw up its head to flick at its side with its horns, and thus quite altered its position; he knew he ought not to fire—but it was too late—too late—and in the very act of pulling the trigger he felt that he had missed.

Roderick sprang to his feet; for the deer, notwithstanding that they could not have discerned where the danger lay, with one consent bounded forward, and made for a rocky defile on the further side of the plateau.

"Come on, sir! Come on, sir!" the keeper called to Lionel. "You've hit him. Come along, sir!"

"I haven't hit him—I missed—missed clean!" was the hopeless answer.

"I tell ye ye've hit him!" the keeper exclaimed. "Run, sir run!—if he's only wounded he may need the other barrel. God bless me, did ye not hear the thud when the ball struck?"

Thus admonished Lionel unwittingly but nevertheless as quickly as he could followed the keeper; and he could show a nimble pair of heels when he chose, even when he was hampered with this heavy rifle. Not that he had any heart in the chase. The stag had swerved aside just as he fired; he knew he must have missed. At the same time any one who goes out with a professional stalker must be content to become as clay in the hands of the potter; so Lionel did as he was bid; and though he could not overtake Roderick, he was not far behind him when they both reached the pass down which the deer had fled.

And there the splendid animals were still in view—bounding up a stony hill-side some distance off, in straggling twos and threes, and going at a prodigious speed. But where was the light-coloured stag? Certainly not among those brown beasts whose scrambling up that steep face was sending a shower of stones and debris down into the silent glen below.

"I'm thinking he's no far aweh," Roderick said, eagerly scanning all the ground in front of them. "We'll chist go forrit, sir; and you'll be ready to shoot, for if he's only wounded, he may be up and off again when he sees us."

"But do you really think I hit him?" Lionel said, anxiously enough.

"I sah him strack," the keeper said, emphatically. "But he never dropped—no, not once on his knees even. He was off with the best of them; and that's what meks me think he was well hit, and that he's no far aweh."

So they went forward on the track of the herd, slowly, and searching every dip and hollow. For Lionel it was a period of agonising uncertainty. One moment he would buoy himself up with the assurance that the keeper must know; the rest he convinced himself that he had missed the stag clean. Now he would be wondering whether this wide undulating plain really contained the slain monarch of the mists; again he pictured to himself that light-coloured, fleet-footed creature far away in advance of all his companions, making for some distant sanctuary among the mountains.

"Here he is, sir!" Roderick cried, with a quick little chuckle; and the words sent a thrill through Lionel such as he had never experienced in his life before. "No—he's quite dead," the keeper continued, seeing that the younger man was making ready to raise his rifle again. "I was thinking he was well hit—and no far aweh."

At the same moment Lionel had eagerly run forward. With what joy and pride—with what a curious sense of elation—with what a disposition of good-will towards all the world—he now beheld this splendid beast lying in the deep peat-hag that had hitherto hidden it from view. The stag's last effort had been to clear this gully; but it had only managed to strike the opposite bank with its forefeet when the death-wound did its work, and then the hapless animal had rolled back with its final groan into the position in which they now found it. In a second, Roderick was down in the peat-hag beside it, holding up its head by one of the horns, and examining the bullet-wark.

"Well, sir," said he, with a humorous smile that did not often lighten up his visage, "if this is what you will be calling the missing of a stag, it is a ferry good way to miss it; for I never sah a better shot in my life."

"It's a fluke, then, Roderick: I declare to you I was certain I had missed," said he—though he hardly knew what he was saying: a kind of bewilderment of joy possessed him—he could not keep his eyes off the dead stag—and now, if he had only chanced to notice it, his hand was certainly trembling. Probably Roderick did not know what a fluke was: in any case his response was—

"Well, sir, I'm chist going to drink you: good health; ay, and more good luck to you, sir; and it's terry glad I am that you hef got your first stag!"—and therewith he pulled out his small zinc flask.

"Oh, but you mustn't draw on your own supplies!" Lionel exclaimed in the fulness of his pride and gratitude. "See, here is a flask filled with famous stuff. You take it—you and Alec: I don't want any more to-day."

"Do not be so sure of that," the keeper said, shrewdly, and he modestly declined to take Percy Lestrangle's decorated flask. "It's a long walk from home we are; far longer than you think; and maybe there will be some showers before we get back home."

"I don't care if there's thunder and lightning all the way!" Lionel cried, gaily. "But I'll tell you what, Roderick, I wish you'd lend me your pipe. Have you plenty of tobacco? A cigarette is too feeble a thing to smoke by the side of a dead stag. And—and on my way south I mean to stop at Inverness, and I'll send you as much tobacco as will last you right through the winter; for you see I'm very proud of my first stag—and of course it was all owing to your skill in stalking—"

Roderick handed the young man his pipe and pouch.

"Indeed you could not do better, sir, than sit down and hef a smoke, while me and Alec are gralloching the beast. Then we'll drag him to a safe place, and cover him up with heather, and send for him the morn's morning."

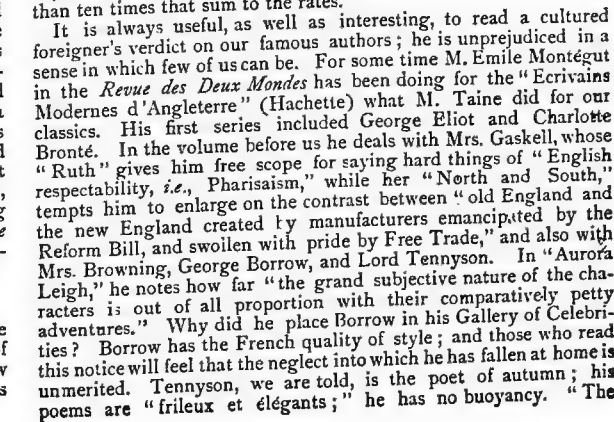
"Couldn't you put him on the pony and take him down with us? I can walk," Lionel suggested: for had he not some dim vision in his mind of a triumphal procession down the strath, towards the dusk of the evening, with perhaps a group of fair spectators awaiting him at the door of the lodge?

"Well, sir," the keeper made answer, as he drew out his gralloching knife, "you see, there's few things more difficult than to strap a deer on the back of a powny when there's no proper deer-saddle. No, sir, we'll just leave him in a safe place for the night, and send for him in the morning."

"And do you call that a good head to get stuffed, Roderick?" the young man asked—still gazing on his splendid prize.

"Aw, well, I hef seen better heads, and I hef seen worse heads," the keeper said, evasively. "But the velvet is off the horns whatever."

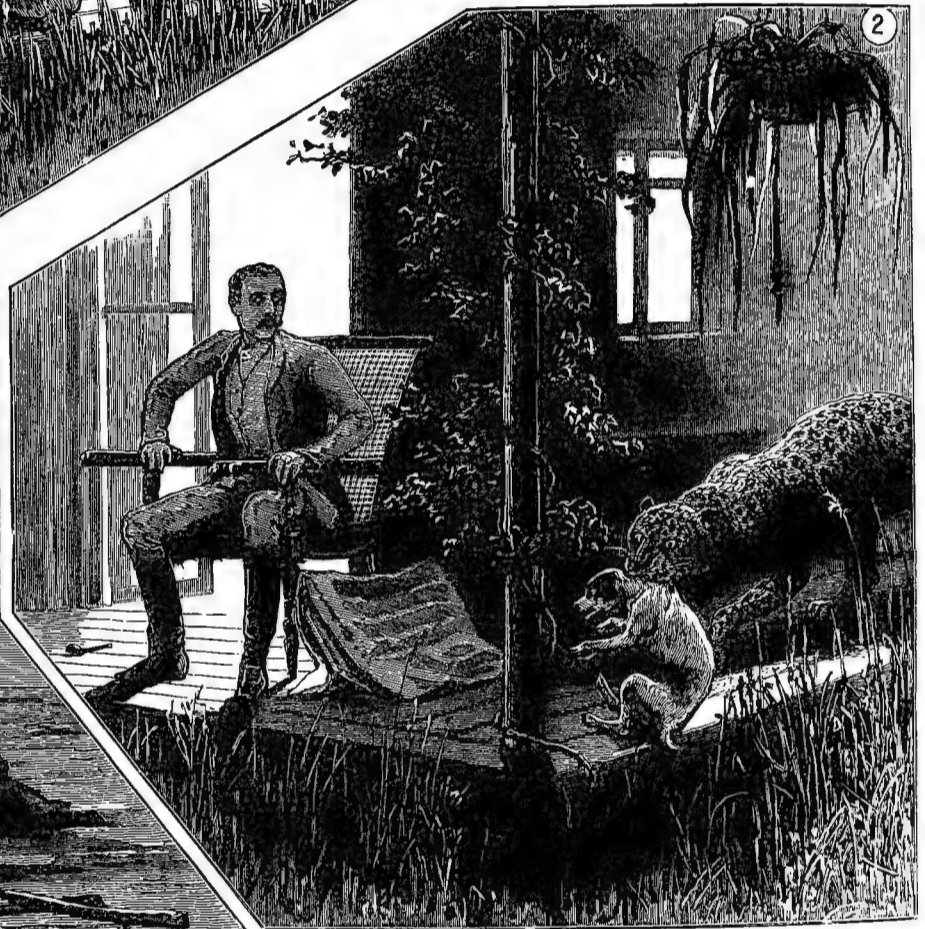
This was tremendously strong tobacco that Roderick had handed him, and yet, as it seemed to him, he had never smelt a sweeter fragrance perfuming the soft mountain air. Nor did these appear grim and awful solitudes any longer; they were friendly solitudes, rather; as he sate and peacefully and joyously smoked, he studied every feature of them—each rock, and swamp, and barren slope, every hill and corrie and misty mountain-top; and he knew that while life remained to him he would never forget this memorable scene—with the slain stag in the foreground. No, nor how could he ever forget that when glare of sunlight that had come along the plateau where the deer were quietly feeding?—he seemed to see again each individual blade of grass close to his face, as well as the noble quarry that had held him breathless. And then he took out the bright little coin: surely Honnor Cunyngham could not object to his wearing it, seeing that it had proved itself such a potent charm? He rejoiced that he had not been frightened off his expedition by tales of its monotonous sufferings and dire fatigues. This was something better than arranging an out-of-door performance for a parcel of amateurs! Stiff and sore he was, his clothes were mostly soaked and caked with mire, and he did not know what he had not done to his shins and knees and elbows; but he did not mind all that; Honnor Cunyngham was right—as he rode down Strathavron that evening towards the lodge, it would not be of fatigues and privations he



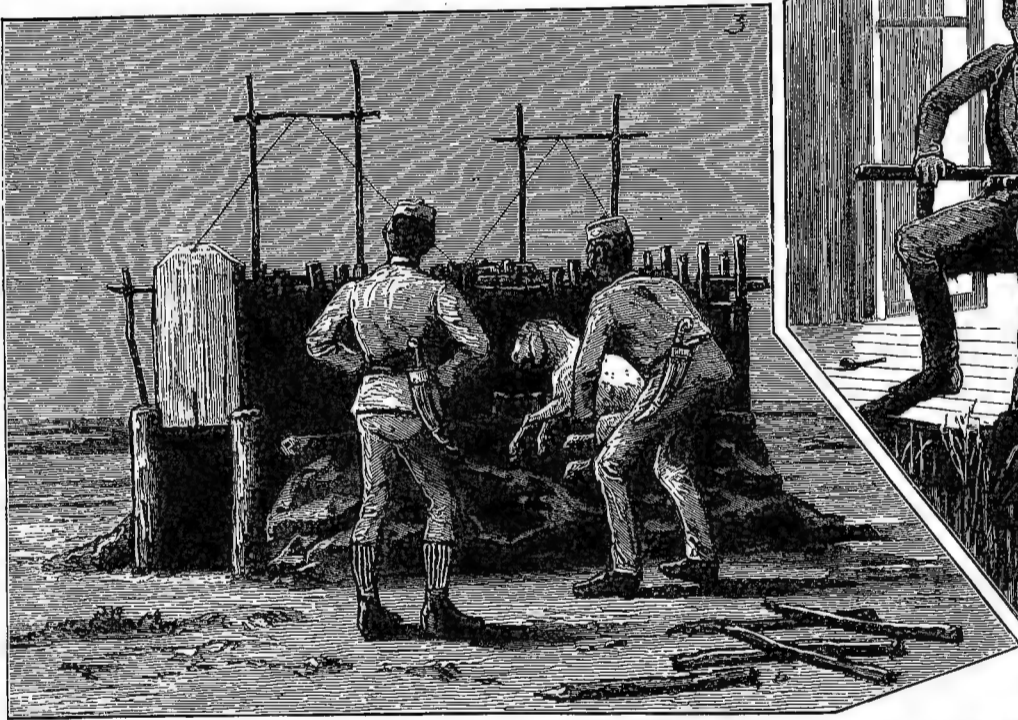
SUNDAY LABOUR IN FRANCE is by no means so general as a few years ago. English visitors to Paris cannot fail to notice how many more shops are shut on Sunday after the early morning, and now the first step has been taken towards Sunday rest on the railways. The Paris-Lyons Railway Company recently decided unanimously to give their *employés* in the goods stations a holiday on Sundays, and intend to gradually introduce similar reforms into other branches of the service. In all probability the other lines will be obliged to follow suit. Indeed, some of the Northern Railway directors have already pronounced in favour of Sunday rest



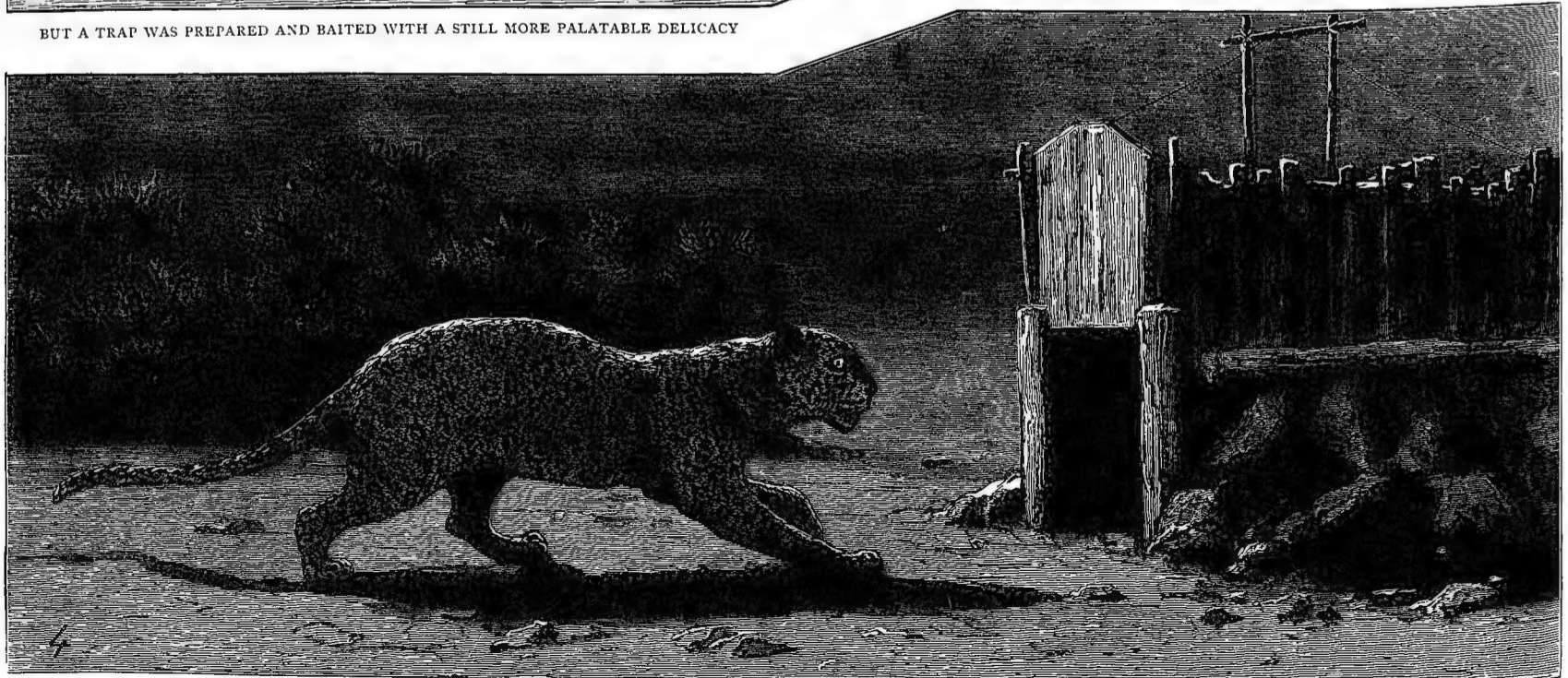
A HUNGRY LEOPARD WAS ATTRACTED BY A TOOTH-SOME TERRIER



AND CARRIED HIM OFF FROM UNDER HIS MASTER'S NOSE



BUT A TRAP WAS PREPARED AND BAITED WITH A STILL MORE PALATABLE DELICACY

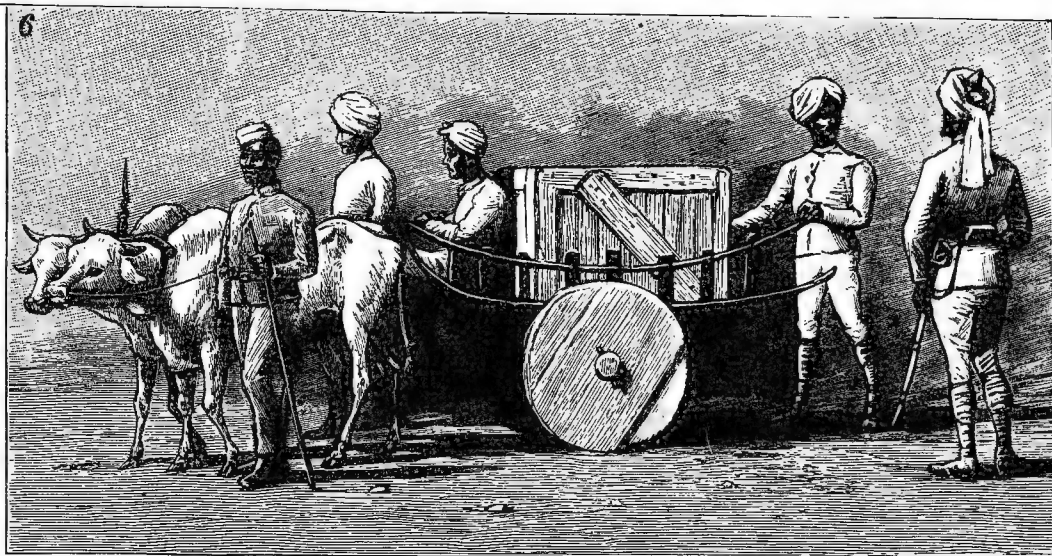


WHICH LURED THE LEOPARD TO DESTRUCTION

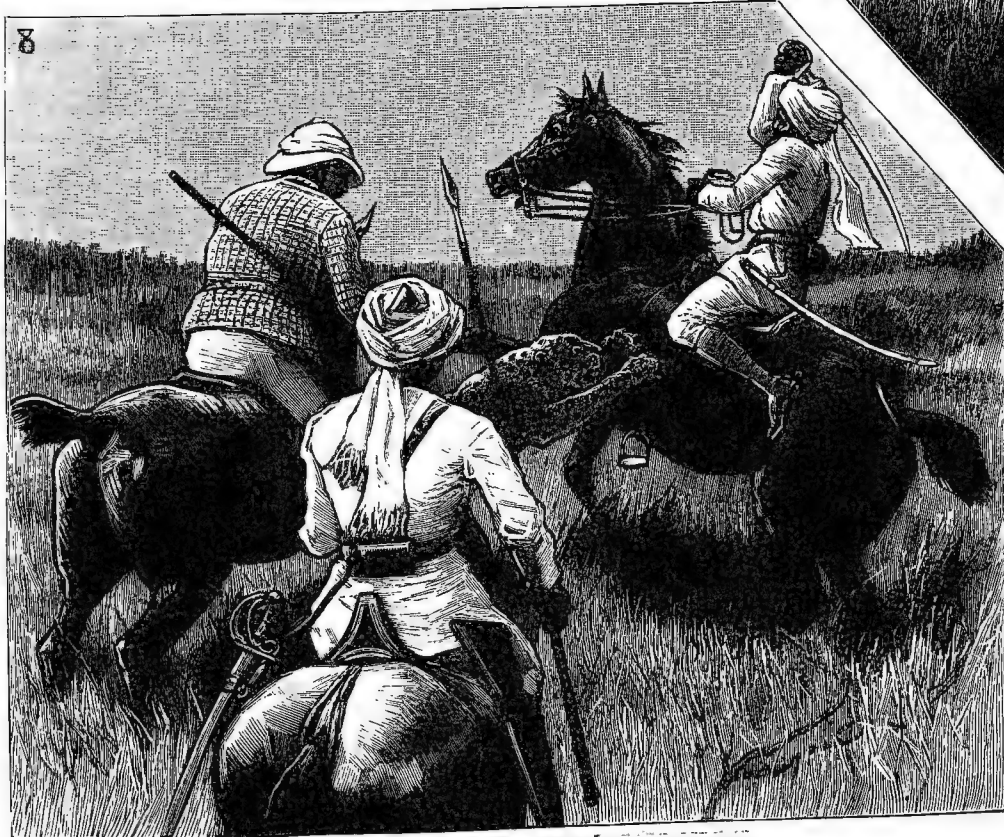
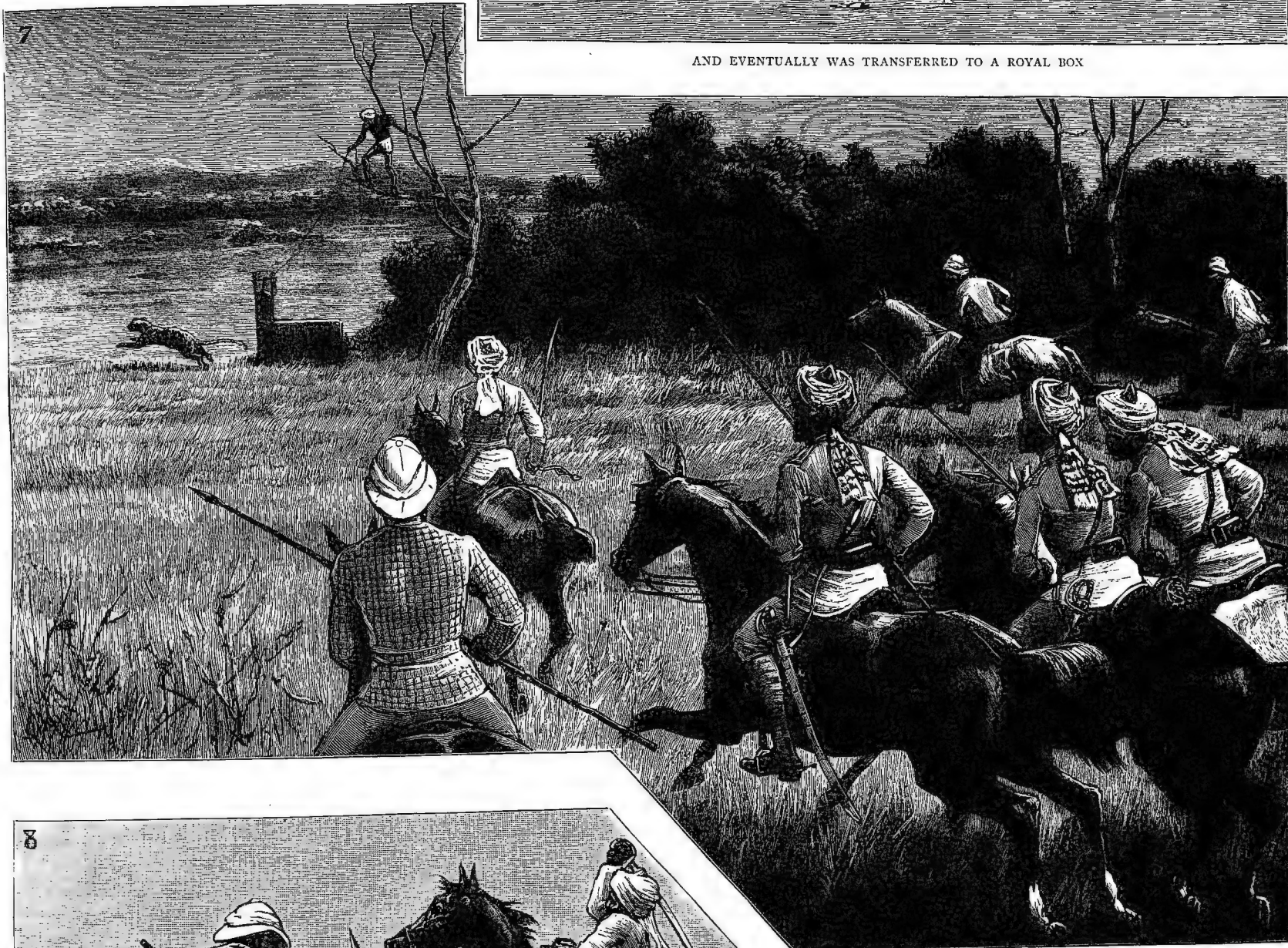
A LEOPARD HUNT IN UPPER BURMA, I.



THE NEXT MORNING HE WAS THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS

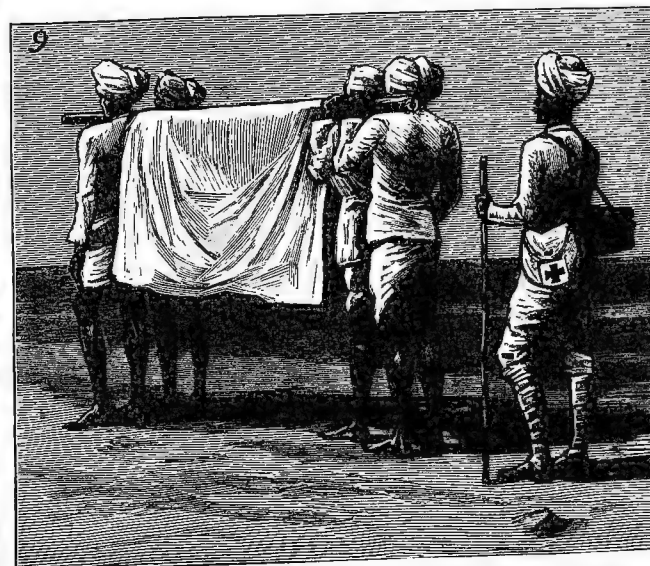


AND EVENTUALLY WAS TRANSFERRED TO A ROYAL BOX



AND FINALLY SLAIN AFTER A GALLANT STRUGGLE

FROM WHICH HE WAS LIBERATED UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS



SOME USEFUL ATTENDANTS WERE ON THE GROUND, BUT THEIR SERVICES WERE FORTUNATELY NOT REQUIRED

"Lady of Shalott" is one of his most characteristic pieces; and "Tears, Idle Tears," a sample of his "exquisite coldness." To this coldness, "Enone" and "Fatima" are the only exceptions. We are glad M. Montégut duly appreciates "In Memoriam;" "its great charm is its perfect sincerity." He hardly knows what to make of "Maud," for he had assigned to the Laureate "l'esprit plein d'un dandysme serene," which that poem of passion outrages on every page.

Chan Toon, barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, has not been content with the rule of thumb which satisfied old-fashioned lawyers. As becomes the holder of several law-scholarships, he has gone to first principles, carefully studying Hooker, Hobbes, Filmer, Austin, and, above all, Sir H. S. Maine; and he has shown the bearing on law of historical and other studies, and the impossibility of rightly treating of "The Nature and Value of Jurisprudence" (Reeves and Turner) as a thing apart. It is a sign of the times when a Chinese writes a book full of teaching and suggestion on such a thoroughly English subject. Chan Toon is an acute critic. "Austin's method of classification," he says, "is almost opposed to Bentham's, and shows the faults of Blackstone's, though it is an improvement on the Roman classification;" and he agrees with M'Lennan and Herbert Spencer in thinking that Sir H. Maine does not go far enough back when he looks at the patriarchal group as the basis of society. We heartily recommend the book, not only to law students, but to the general reader, who will find that a proverbially dry subject may be made intensely interesting without being in the least unscientific.

The "new ideas" in Mr. F. J. Wilson's "House that Jack Built" (Reeves) fairly take our breath away. The book is our first introduction to "the Comprehension Association," to which we wish success, and a more intelligible method. "Idealation" and "prospectance," and many other of Mr. Wilson's words, are beyond us; but his woodcuts are quaint (that on "the Death of Contradictionism" seems to portray the doom of the Municipal Board); and some of us have before now been tempted to think that "the white-wash brush of officialism has made England the El Dorado of the foreign designer." To those who like cracking intellectual nuts the little book will be a real godsend.

Mr. D. Ward's "Handbook of the Greek Method" (Whiting) does not deal with teaching Greek writing, but with drawing curves by mechanical process. Mr. F. C. Penrose, comparing Mr. Wood's with Mr. Jopling's more elaborate method, thinks the Greeks undoubtedly possessed some mechanical contrivances for drawing the outlines of their vases. The great value of Mr. Ward's instruments (purchaseable from Harling, Hatton Garden) is to train the eye, and make it impatient of halting and broken-backed figures. Till one has examined Mr. Ward's plates, it is impossible to realise how the ovolo, cyma, and other ornaments may be produced by very simple instruments.

Whatever Mr. Clark Russell may say in his somewhat grandiloquent style, "William Dampier" (Macmillan) was a buccaneer, though not such a cut-throat as Morgan and many more. He was a link between the elder race of "young-eyed navigators" and the soberer discoverers of Captain Cook's stamp. Wonders he records, and also perils—the chiefest, when near the Philippines, there being three days' food left, "the men had contrived to kill Captain Swan, and afterwards me, and all who had promoted the voyage." Dampier had no love of country. At Mindanao he would gladly have settled down for life with his crew, could he have persuaded them to do so. And his country did not do much to win his love. He and his crews were flogged off with the most wretched pittances at the end of their weary scurvy-plagued voyages, the lion's share falling to "the merchants of Bristol city." Mr. Russell writes *con amore*, and therefore, with such a subject his book could hardly fail of being one of the best of "the Men of Action series." On p. 49, "Captain Yanky, a Dutch pirate," suggests a derivation for a well-known *sobriquet*.

NOTE.—The Magazine for the Blind, "Santa Lucia," which we mentioned a few weeks ago, was inadvertently announced as coming out next spring. The publishers inform us that the first number appeared in March.

### THE VISIT OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON TO JUNEAN, ALASKA

THESE sketches of the visit of our Pacific Squadron to Alaskan waters are of especial interest at the present time, when a serious controversy may arise at any moment regarding the right of British sealers in the North Pacific, so warmly contested just now by the American Naval authorities. Our correspondent writes:—"A portion of the Pacific Squadron, consisting of Her Majesty's ships

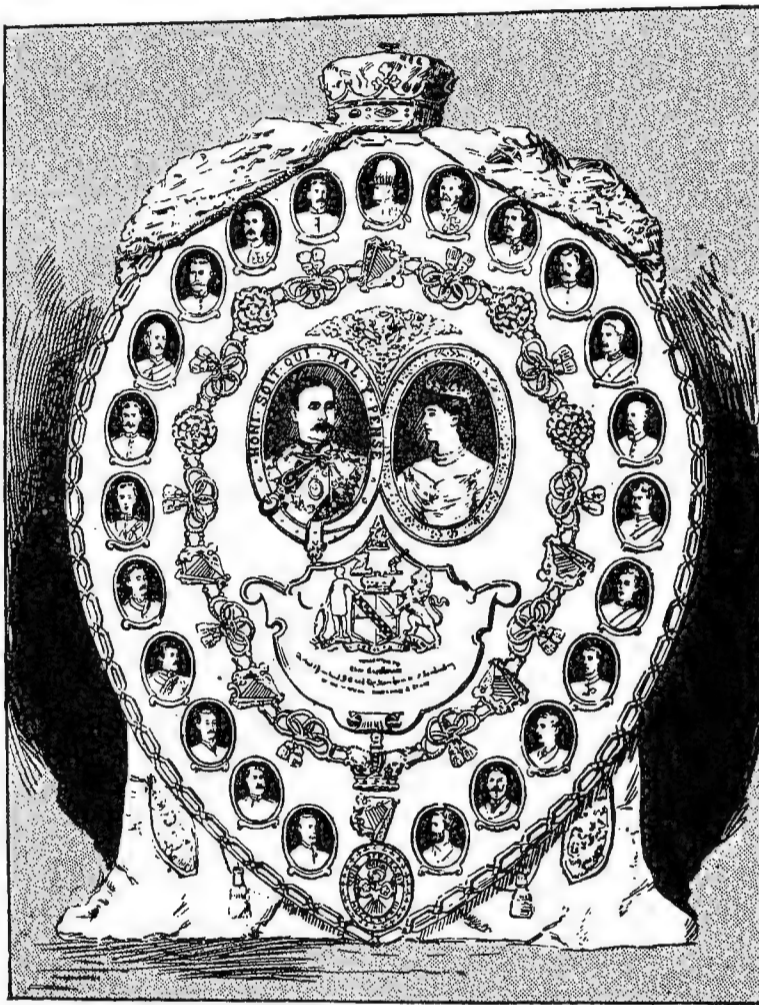
north as Fort Simpson, the last port touched at in British Columbia, the passages, though difficult to navigate on account of narrows and small channels, have been well surveyed, but beyond this point little is known, and such large ships as the *Swiftsure*, the flag-ship, and the *Amphion* have never before traversed these waters. The *Swiftsure* is a battleship of the second class, drawing twenty-seven feet of water, and the *Amphion* a second-class cruiser, drawing twenty feet. Juneau is the centre of the Alaskan gold-mining district, the mine on Douglas Island, opposite the town, containing the largest quartz-crushing mill in the world, two hundred and forty stamps being at work under one roof."

### SHIELD PRESENTED TO THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

THE Viceregal Staff and Household have presented a very handsome souvenir to their Excellencies the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, as a pleasant memento of their very successful term of office now just closed.

The gift takes the form of a magnificent silver shield, in the centre of which are portraits of Lord and Lady Londonderry, executed on ivory, after the style of the old miniature paintings. The former is surrounded by the Order of the Garter, and the latter by a wreath. These are surmounted by a bunch of shamrock, rose, and thistle, in full relief. Beneath is an armorial shield, with the arms and crests, also a suitable inscription.

The collar of the Order of St. Patrick with pendant badge, full



size, encloses this design, and stands in full relief from the burnished shield. Then come twenty-three portraits of the members of the Staff and Household, executed on ivory in the same manner,

the mantle of St. Patrick, with its ermine lining gracefully falling behind it, draping on the ground, and forming an artistic base, on which the shield, supported by a strut, or prop, behind, is enabled to stand on the table.

The idea of the presentation and its working out to a very satisfactory conclusion is due to the efforts of Lord Langford, Mr. Apperley, private secretary, and the Honourable H. White. The design and workmanship are by Mr. Edmond Johnson, of Grafton Street, Dublin.



"MISS SHAFTO" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), compares very favourably with any of Mr. W. E. Norris's later works, and makes a capital pendant to "The Rogue." If he had called "Miss Shafto" "The Flirt," or "A Coquette," the two would be admirable companion pictures in the gallery of fiction. Not that Miss Shafto herself is a coquette, by any means—quite the contrary; but a certain Madge Wilton, who marries a rich lout for his money, and wants to annex every other woman's lover, is as good a specimen of the type as has ever been studied. The story is studiously simple, and enables the author to throw his whole strength upon his portraiture, which is throughout as uniformly excellent as it is varied

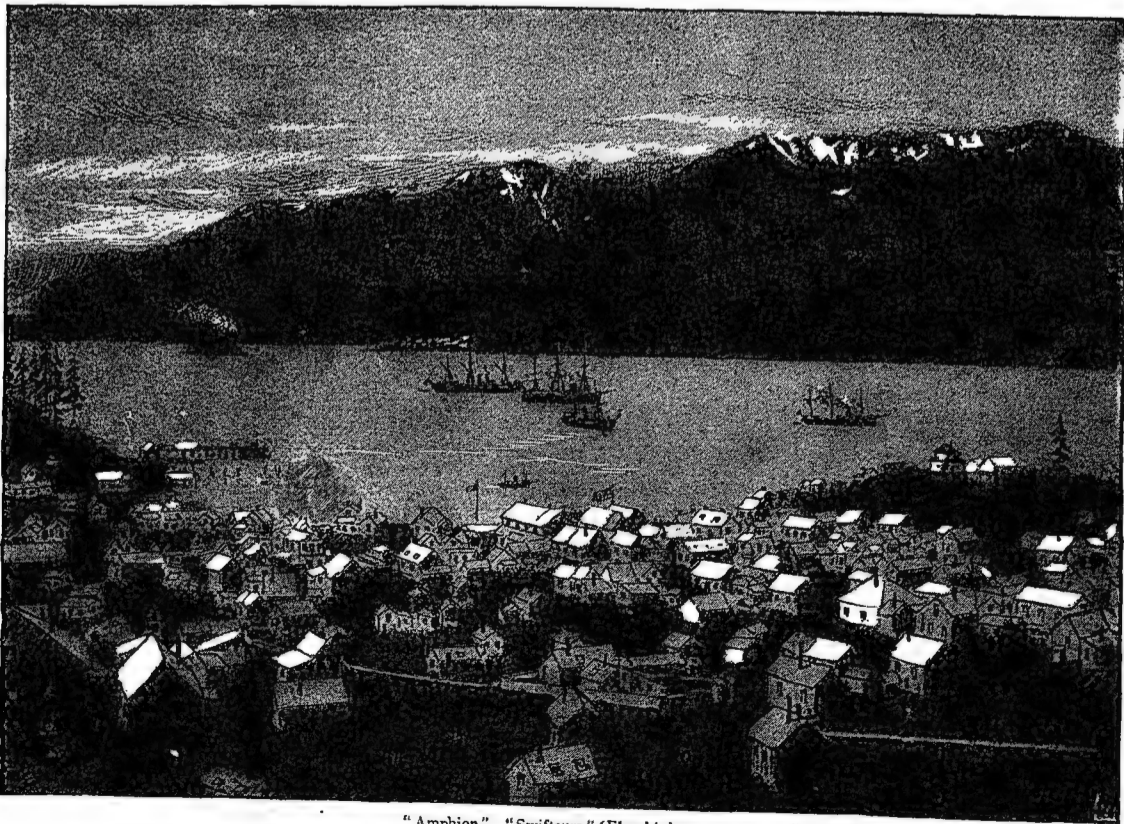
in character, including a considerable amount of exceedingly natural comedy. Mr. Norris has certainly won a place among the few novelists of the day to whom one may go for fresh and trustworthy lights upon human nature: and he is also one of the rapidly diminishing number who do not give the impression that they are writing on the level of a public too large to care for thought or finish. We trust he will meet with the reward of the popularity which is apt to come against expectation to those who seem the least to court it. But, in any case, "Miss Shafto" is secure of appreciation on the part of the best sort of readers, especially of those whose taste is for the study of character. The style is vigorous, and altogether admirable.

"Off with the Old Love," by "N. F. B." (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), though called "a novel" by the anonymous author, is little more than an amusing sketch of a Boston family "doing" the Italian lakes and a bit of Switzerland, with just a scrap of romance to hold it together. The family consists of a mother, two daughters, two children of a widowed son, a fat nurse, a cat, and a poodle, all very pleasant, unconventional, and amusing people in their several ways. Such story as befalls them, or rather one of the girls and her lover, is rather stupid, and altogether inappropriate to the general tone of the book; but this is of little or no consequence to a reader in search of mere amusement, of which he will find plenty, especially if he can appreciate hits at Boston. If this be a first work, it affords more than usual evidence of talent for the lightest, and in many ways the pleasantest, order of fiction.

Though issued by an English publisher, "The Secret of Fontaine la Croix," by Margaret Field (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.), is disfigured, and made irritating, by all the worst ignorances of American spelling. In itself it is a fair specimen of average fiction, nor does the fact of its dealing so much with French sentiment of the maudlin order prevent its tendency from being decidedly healthy. There are incidents and situations of which the pathos or the dramatic quality raise the work now and again above the average, as in the case of an exceedingly touching scene at the capitulation of Metz; and there is certainly plenty of story of an unexpected kind, and therefore curiosity is kept alive. Altogether, it is an unequal work, and, though on the whole its merits predominate, it is not calculated to enlist sympathies which are not more or less imbued with the peculiarities of French colouring. The characters also are, in point of merit, of very various degrees of strength and general quality.

The drift of Amelia E. Barr's "Feet of Clay" (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.) is puzzling. Its hero, Captain George Pennington—who, by the way, wears his cavalry uniform while on furlough—makes his first appearance as having brought his mother and sister to penury by his selfish extravagance, and having forged the name of his most intimate friend to obtain money for gambling. Not only do his mother and sister remain staunch to him, but his friend forgives him freely. Then he does his best to ruin, in the most cold-blooded manner, a pretty fisher-girl; but her father and brother, instead of giving him the well-earned thrashing, content themselves with sending him to Coventry, and saving his life in a storm at sea. Then a generous uncle makes him a present of 8,000*l.* a year on the sole condition that he will never touch a card again. Of course he breaks his promise, loses all his money, plunders an adoring friend (in reality his unknown father) of 18,000*l.*, and commits a second forgery, for which he allows that same friend to take the blame, and consequently to die in penal servitude. Then he distinguishes himself in the Crimea, marries a beautiful, rich, and amiable girl, who has loved him throughout, is recognised as his uncle's heir, and ends brilliantly and happily. The lesson seems queer; unless A. E. Barr means the untailing love and affection bestowed upon her unprecedentedly mean and treacherous cad and sump as a satire upon human nature, which on general grounds, is not easy to imagine. The religious current running through the tale, and often suggestive of an over-developed tract, adds to the mystery. The scene is principally laid in the Isle of Man.

"Skill Wins Favour" (1 vol.: Roper and Drowley) is the curiously inappropriate title of an immensely long and dismal romance by Mrs. George Elliott Kent; being the family history of the house of D'Avonmore—a wicked race who lay under a ban. Its members appear to have been invariably either lunatics or simpletons, until, of course, from this remarkable stock came a hero and heroine possessed of all the virtues. Mrs. Kent has a remarkable way of introducing solemn platitudes as if they were profound and original reflections, and is exceedingly bitter against society, and in particular against persons descended from those wicked Normans who disturbed, with their manners and morals, our honest Saxon forefathers. She also indulges largely in italics, tears, and agonies, and apostrophes to the reader; and in the art of multiplying words, she has, so far as we know, no rival. In one tested instance she expands the simple statement that a theatre had been burned into over a hundred words—a feat which would turn a reporter of the old school pale with envy. The story is intensely melodramatic, and the characters still more so; and, despite our want of appreciation of it, we are far from saying that nobody will find it interesting.



"Amphion" "Swiftsure" (Flagship)

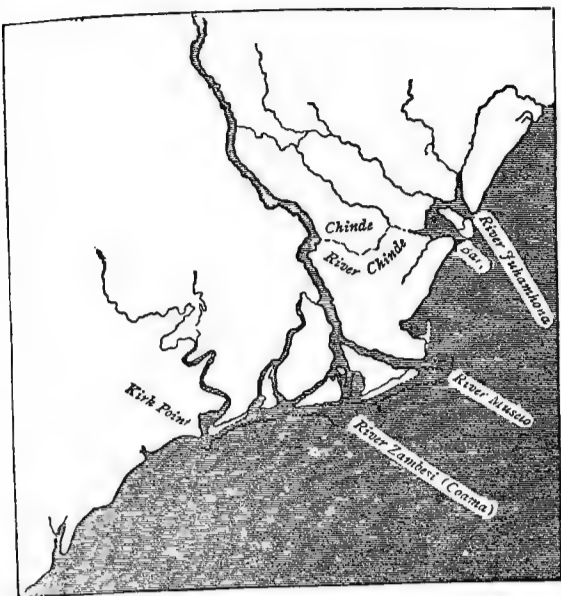
"Icarus"

the *Swiftsure*, the *Amphion*, and *Jeanne*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Algernon C. F. Heneage, has recently been on a cruise in British Columbian and Alaskan waters. The most northern place visited was Juneau, a small port in Alaska. As far

each in its own setting, covered with a miniature glass, and having a scroll underneath bearing the name. The border, which is very massive, represents the armour-plating of an ancient shield. The whole is surmounted by the coronet of his Excellency and

# THE NEW OPENING TO THE ZAMBESI

FOR some time past a new opening to the Zambesi river, of sufficient depth to permit of the passage of an ordinary steamer, from the Indian Ocean has been urgently needed, and an Englishman, Mr. Daniel G. Rankin, has recently succeeded in finding a new mouth which will amply serve the purpose. This opening is called the Chinde River, and is situated some forty-five miles south



MOUTHS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER

of the Quaqua, the channel at present used, but which becomes un-navigable at Quillimane, where goods have to be unshipped and transported to lighters. In these they are carried a five days' journey to Mopea, then are again unshipped and transported by natives over a swampy depression to the Zambesi River, a distance of eight miles. In this manner the goods suffer loss by injury to the extent of some 60 per cent. By the Chinde River, however, vessels of from 400 to 500 tons can go direct from the sea to the Zambesi, and even on to Lake Nyassa, without change. Even at the lowest fall of the spring tides there is a depth on the bar of the river of seven feet, with a channel 500 yards wide, and a good sheltered anchorage. The importance of this discovery to the development of Central African commerce can hardly be over estimated.

Our sketch and plan are sent by a naval officer, who writes:—"In consequence of questions being lately asked in Parliament,

which drag the old-fashioned coach, can make their way, and bring news of the outside world.

Right down in the sheltered valley corn will grow, and brightly coloured flowers, whilst wild strawberries and raspberries flourish there in perfection. But, as one climbs up the mountain side, these are soon past in the distance, and the purple heather is left without a rival in its regal splendour. All around, stretching for miles on every side, are pine-forests, hedged, as it were, with larches; whilst here and there are clumps of mountain-ashes, the brilliant scarlet of their berries standing out with startling vividness from the weird gloom of the dark trees behind them. In the distance the peak of the fierce old Brocken rises barren and desolate against the sky. Little wonder the peasants cross themselves when they glance that way, convinced, as they are, even now that the mountain owes its sinister aspect to the devilish revels that are held there, when the powers of hell are loose. Some of the lower hills between St. Andreasberg and the Brocken are quite charming in their sylvan loveliness; and when the sunbeams light up the tiny cascades, and the rivulets sparkle and bubble as they rush with a hop, skip, and a jump, to join the great stream in the valley, the gloomy spell the grim old mountain casts around it is broken, and its wild uncanny legends are forgotten.

The Andreasbergers are a gentle, inoffensive race, who seem to take life somewhat sadly, you never see them dance or hear them laugh—existence they find too dreary for such frivolities. They are wretchedly poor, on every side signs of the most intense poverty are met with, yet beggars are there unknown. There is something almost terrible in the patient resignation with which they submit to the hardships of their lot, and struggle on bravely, though hopelessly, to keep the grim wolf from the door; they seem to be without any conception that there are such things as gladness and joy in the world.

Village though it be, St. Andreasberg boasts of two industries, both singular in their nature, and well in keeping with the character of its natives. One of these—canary-rearing—was, according to tradition, introduced by a Knight-Crusader, who, when he returned from the Holy Land and settled in St. Andreasberg, brought with him a number of the yellow-feathered tribe. Be that as it may, every cottage now has its row of little cages, and each cage is full of canaries, which the villagers carefully tend and teach to sing; and then, when the proper season arrives, send down to the great canary merchant who lives in the valley. He exports them to all parts of the world. To America alone thousands of these birds are sent every year.

St. Andreasberg has also a silver mine—not one, it must be confessed, that could ever rank as a Potosi, but still a silver mine. Early in the fifteenth century, the monks who dwelled there discovered that the Hartz Mountains were rich in minerals, and it was they who persuaded the Counts of Hohnstein, to whom the St. Andreasberg district belonged, to excavate the hills that fell within their domain. Silver, copper, and quartz were all found, and went to swell the purses of the Counts. It was silver from St. Andreasberg that enabled them to cut a dash at the Crusades, and throw their fellow nobles into the shade. The mine is still worked, though in a lazy, sleepy fashion, for the silver it now yields scarcely defrays the expenses of working it.



The River Leading into the Zambesi River (14 miles)

THE NEW CHINDE MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER, EAST AFRICA, FROM THE BAR

H.M.S. *Stork* was ordered from the Cape to make a survey of the Chinde mouth of the Zambesi, to verify the report of Mr. Rankin, who has lately written so favourably on it. When she arrived, a Portuguese man-o'-war, of about 800 tons, was found inside the bar at anchor, and was employed surveying it on a good scale, so that no surveying operations were undertaken. The bar has only about 7 ft. on it at low water, with a maximum rise of about 12 ft. The entrance is broad and easy of access in fine weather, and a good anchorage inside the river to the Zambesi has about 12 ft. at low water, with some sharp bends; the tide is strong, but navigation is not difficult for a handy light-draught steamer. The river abounds in hippopotami."

## THE CHEAPEST HEALTH-RESORT IN EUROPE

THE very word a health-resort recalls to the remembrance of most of us long bills for dinners we have never eaten, for luxuries we have never enjoyed. Whether we return the better or the worse for our sojourn at Platz Davos, St. Moritz, or in the Riviera, our pockets are sure to be the lighter; those palatial hotels, which spring up like mushrooms in all the places English doctors choose to favour, are arranged for millionaires, not working men and women; yet surely it is the toilers, not the loiterers, of this world who stand most in need of sunshine and fresh air. Fortunately, however, there are still, even in Europe, some few little nooks which, although the sun shines there as brilliantly as at Nice, and the air is as pure as at Davos, have, so far at least, escaped the notice of rich tourists. There one may still live in comfort for a few shillings a day.

Chief amongst these is St. Andreasberg, the health-resort *par excellence* of the poor. At the best hotel in this mountain village full pension is only 4s. 6d. a day; whilst less ambitious souls, who are willing to content themselves with private lodgings, need only spend about half that sum. The rooms provided, if not luxurious, are comfortable and scrupulously clean, whilst the food is infinitely better than what can be obtained in three-fourths of English hotels.

In England St. Andreasberg is hardly known; but in North Germany the doctors was quite eloquent when describing the curative properties of its climate. It stands some three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and as nothing intervenes between the village and the North Pole, the keen bracing winds come tearing down, bearing in their train, for those who can stand them, health and vigour. The air certainly possesses some strange exhilarating quality, for the mere fact of breathing it affects one's nerves like the drinking of champagne; whilst the subtle perfume which the pines exhale spreads a soothing influence around. The feats in walking people perform whilst staying in this mountain village seem to those who live in plains incredible; even invalids walk up and down the steep hill-side without fatigue, for the air is so peculiarly rarified that it seems to carry them along as they go.

St. Andreasberg is built on the side of a lofty mountain in the centre of the Hartz Range. There is no special beauty in the village itself, although there is a quaint charm in the way the irregularly-built little cottages, no two of which are alike, nestle close up to each other, as if for protection. The one street, too, winds about on the hill-side with a picturesque grace of its own, and makes all sorts of absurd little twirls and bends, which have neither sense nor meaning, as it goes on its way. The mountain upon which the village stands is on the one side almost sheer—he would be a rash man who would venture to quit the roughly-hewn winding path in descending it—but on the other side three quite respectable roads have been cut, and up these in almost any weather the sturdy ponies,



MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—A beautiful song of a devotional character is "Salve, Nos Domine" (Save Us, O Lord), written and composed by M. Piccolomini; it is published in three keys; there are parts for the organ, harmonium, and violoncello (*ad lib.*) which may be had separately. This song is well worthy of being learnt by heart, and will not be soon forgotten.—Mrs. Hemans' plaintive poem, "Voices," has been fairly well set to music by D. F. Wilson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—"The Trooper's Vision," is written and composed by Walter Parke and Edward St. Quentin, is a capital bass song, which will be a favourite in military circles as well as in the drawing-room.—A pretty love song, albeit of a somewhat ordinary type, is "When Shall We Meet?" words by Walter Travers, music by Oscar Verne.—"To Morrow Will Do!" a humorous song, written and composed by M. Foreman and Henry Pontet, is just the thing for a merry gathering at a country house when sung by a piquante young maiden; it contains good advice to bashful swains.—"Minster Echoes," a series of original voluntaries for the organ, edited by Messrs. Arthur Graham and King Hall, will prove a useful addition to the *répertoire* of an organist. Book XIII., the latest issue, contains six well written pieces:—"Offertoire," by J. E. Newell; "Meditation" and "Pastorale," by King Hall; "Prayer," by Blakemann Welch; "Interlude," by Edward Redhead; and "Menuetto," by Alois Volkmer.—No. XXII. of "The Vesper Voluntaries" for the organ, harmonium, or American organ contains eleven carefully-written pieces, arranged by D'Auvergne Barnard, for the organ, which "Ave Maria" (No. 3); "Evensong," composed by G. W. Llyons (No. 7); "Meditation" (No. 9); and "Pastorale," by the Llyons are the most praiseworthy.—Of three useful pianoforte pieces for the home circle, "The Imps' Revels," a *danse caractéristique*, by Theo Bonheur, will be the most popular, it should be committed to memory; "Old Nobility," a graceful dance by Allan Glyn, will be second favourite; "Danse Majestique" by E. Boggetti, is not up to the mark of his usual excellence.—"Musical Fragments" (Book XXXI.), which comprises a series of original compositions by various writers of eminence, is a Waltz Album. "Polynesia," F. G. Hime; "Mine For Ever," D. Peccorini; and "Viola," J. E. Newell, are the most noteworthy of its contents.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Many of our readers will have already heard and heartily laughed at *Mappins and Co.*, a new and original buffareta (in one act), written and composed by Malcolm Watson and Edward Solomon, and performed at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. This amusing piece is well suited for private performance, but due caution must be observed as to obtaining special permission to perform more than two extracts from the above work, or unpleasant consequences may be anticipated (The London Music Publishing Company).—A spirited song for the mess room is "The Red Marine," written and composed by Brandon Thomas. It is comic, without a spice of vulgarity (J. Bath).—There is true pathos and sentiment in "A Bachelor's Story," words by Maude Ashby, music by Emily Clench; the result of this sad narrative will be many marriages (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—"The Primrose League," a grand festive march for the pianoforte, by Valentine Hemery, is tuneful, and not lacking in originality. It has already achieved a good success (H. W. Stans-

field).—A most comical picture will attract attention to "Nursery Rhymes Vocal Waltz," by Caroline Lotze. The merry music will soon be learnt by the young folks and sung *con amore* (W. C. Pollard).—"Always Together Valse," by Frances Franklin, is evidently the work of an amateur from whom better things may be looked for in future (David Swan).—Quaint and pleasing is "Baby's Sweetheart," a pizzicato serenade, by W. Corri, jun.—"Südbilder Valse," by Robert Fels, is melodious, and the time is well marked (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—Somewhat out of the common groove is "The East Indian," a love poem by Moore, set to appropriate music by J. Jacques Haackman (Charles Woolhouse).—"The Royal Mail Galop," by Charles Le Thière, is certainly not one of his best compositions (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).

## FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AT BELLEVILLE

NOTHING more gratified the Shah of Persia when in Paris than the attention he received from the inhabitants of Belleville. On the occasion of his visit to the Buttes Chaumont all the population of the Red Revolutionary and Socialist quarter turned out to greet him, their numbers and animation calling forth the remark, "When do these Parisians find time to work?" The holiday aspect of the French capital generally astonished His Persian Majesty as much as the Eiffel Tower. Marvellous, indeed, is the transformation that has come over Belleville, alike physically and morally, within the last twenty years, and the stranger in Paris would do well to realise it for himself. Starting by railway from the Courcelle-Levallois station near the Bois de Boulogne, we are soon in the poorest part of Paris, a veritable "black city" given up to manufactures. Tall factory chimneys emit dense columns of smoke above the poor, thickly populated streets. Yet here the French craving for beauty asserts itself in the teeth of every possible obstacle.

As we stop at one station after another the eye lights gratefully upon tiny patches of flower garden and bits of greenery, created with the most loving care amid a wilderness of bricks and mortar. Sunflowers, rose-trees, trellised nasturtiums, even miniature vegetable gardens are seen here and there—every available inch of soil being appropriated for use as well as ornament. When at last Belleville is reached, we have left the Paris familiar to us behind, finding ourselves in a wholly new world—a world not of pleasure and glitter, but of work and poverty, relieved, however, by the elevating influences of beauty and recreation.

The first object that meets our view on quitting the station is the imposing Mairie, from which poor Gambetta was once compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The great tribune and former idol of Belleville had vexed his somewhat capricious supporters, and, amid hootings and menaces of an angry crowd, he was hustled by friends into a cab and driven away. Edmond About wittily described the handsome Préfecture of Vannes as a Préfecture awaiting a town. The same might be said of the Mairie of Belleville, which will certainly become a town within a town ere long. Its beautiful pleasure-ground of the Buttes Chaumont links it to the parent city. We are in the fiery Socialist quarter, the point where the Communists made their final determined stand, but a quarter also of flowers, glades, woodland, lakes, and rocks, artifice having here come to the aid of Nature, with unquestionable success. It is just twenty-two years ago since the transformation was begun. The wand of the magician was waved, and lo, one of the most neglected and unpromising spots of Paris was turned into fairy-land and Garden of Eden! The Buttes Chaumont consisted formerly of stone-quarries and waste grounds, haunts of gipsies and vagrants, receptacle of dust-heaps and rubbish. Now all is cheerfulness, beauty, and exhilaration, where once reigned every imaginable element of squalor and depression. The poorest of the Parisian poor have here their pleasure-ground, enlivened on Sunday afternoon by a band of music, and kept all the year round in perfect order. Never shall I forget the pathetic figure of one old, poorly clad, bleary-eyed woman, as she gazed rapturously on a tastefully-arranged bed of brilliant exotics. For some minutes she remained fixed to the spot, spell-bound by the vision of beauty that had suddenly broken upon her. There was almost paganish admiration in her look, yet a paganism one might well forgive.

The trees have grown rapidly within the last ten years, affording abundant shade and charmingly varied foliage. In the mean time the condition of the people has steadily improved. The children are tidily dressed and well-behaved; the women, nursing their babies and doing the family sewing in the shade, are neither pinched nor ragged. The influx of sightseers, chiefly country folk, affords them amusement. Close to the gardens is the great historic panorama, depicting the history of France from the great Revolution down to our own time.

The work of a distinguished artist, Bin, this pictorial survey of a century is well worth seeing; and, afterwards, tea may be had comfortably at the busy restaurant adjoining, with this proviso—if you take it with you. Belleville does not yet possess a teapot! If tea is ever made there, it is doubtless stewed in a saucepan, like spinach. I had, however, taken the precaution to put a packet in my pocket; and, as the art of making tea seemed an occult science, the good-natured waiter summoned his master, the equally good-natured master summoned the mistress, to whom I explained matters. In a quarter of an hour tea was served in a covered china mug, and excellent it proved, taken with first-rate *brioche*, here sold at a sou apiece.

At this time of the day the scene around was of unmitigated gaiety and contentment. How many hundreds of those little *brioche*s and glasses of beer were sold that afternoon it were hard to guess. Our obliging *restaurateur* must make a good penny just now. Let us hope that English tourists will patronise him as well, and bring home the same genial recollections of "Five o'Clock Tea at Belleville" as myself.

M.B.E.

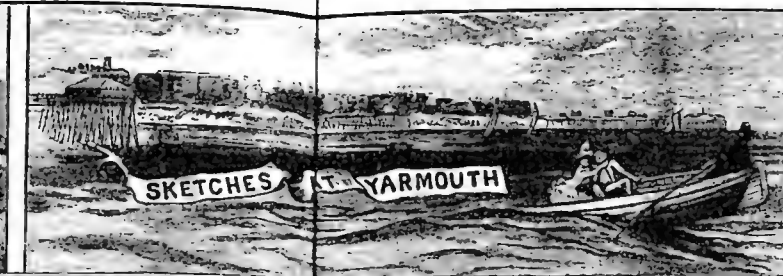
## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A GOOD deal of meritorious work is to be found in Mr. Horace G. Groser's "Atlantis, and Other Poems" (Hutchinson and Co.). Many of his verses in the early part of the volume have for their themes some striking incident in the sufferings for faith of the early Christians, and are characterised by pathos and refinement of feeling. These are succeeded by five ballads, four of which describe "The Smiting of the Fleet," "The Fight of the Little Content," "Drumclog," and "The Holding of London-Jerry," while the fifth is a Border ballad, entitled "The Foster Brother." They are, as they should be, charged with martial and patriotic fire. The "Idyls and Sonnets" are full of sympathy with Nature. A batch of Sonnets closes the volume. Mr. Groser has an ear for melody and rhythm in composition; but, having it, he does not appear tempted to sacrifice coherency of thought and intelligibility of utterance to sound. His opening poem, "Atlantis," is gracefully conceived, and from it we take a verse describing the placid existence of those mariners who dare to make entry on its shores, despite barriers of terror.

And Life became to them a fairy dream,  
Or as the life of gods, when o'er the grass  
And dark wood violets of Tempé gleam  
Their white unsandalled feet; 'twas joy to pass  
Into such perfect quiet, where the sense  
On the smooth tide of being lay afloat  
Buoyant as river lilies. Who would thence  
Win forth to reach again the shores remote,  
Or mourn the days when they, with sinews tense,  
The waste of waters smote?



THE MARKET



A WINDY AFTERNOON



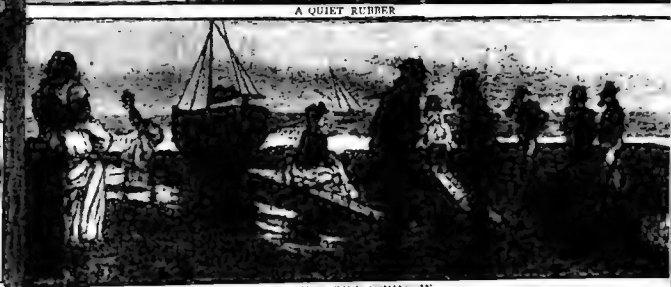
AUNT AND NEPHEW



ON THE SANDS



A QUIET RUBBER



EVENING: THE COING IN



ON THE JETTY



FISHING FROM THE PIER



HAULING UP A YACHT



PREPARATIONS for the elections go on briskly in FRANCE, as little more than a week remains before the eventful day. Every town and village, from Paris to the smallest commune, is placarded with addresses from the rival candidates, while Government circulars, episcopal pastorals, and appeals from the various Committees warmly exhort the voters to do their duty—all from different points of view. Yet the general public show far less interest in the subject than usual. Candidates, too, are not so numerous, for the present number registered scarcely reaches an average of two for each circumscription. The Government have lost ground by two false moves. They have widened the breach between Church and State by imperiously bidding the Bishops not to allow their priests to interfere with politics—a command which has brought out some very plain hints from the episcopacy that their influence will decidedly be thrown into the opposite scale from the Government. Further, after loudly proclaiming that General Boulanger, and MM. Rochefort, and Dillon could not stand for election while under the sentence of the High Court, M. Constans suddenly doubts the legality of his previous declarations, and allows the offenders' candidacy to be proposed in the usual manner. Of course the Boulangerists claim this decision as proving that the Government strength grows weaker, and the General triumphantly points out how much influence he can wield from the other side of the Channel. General Boulanger seems to change his mind as often as the Czar, so at present he declares that he has no intention of going to France until the elections have cleared his way, and the Revision of the Constitution is decided. However, he has written to M. Tirard again, offering to return to stand his trial if he may be judged by a Court-Martial or by the First Chamber of the Court of Appeal, which would be truly impartial tribunals, unlike the High Court. One of the General's most energetic supporters, M. de Susini, has written an absurdly furious letter to M. Constans, who is his opposing candidate at Toulouse, accusing the Minister of endeavouring to murder him, and inviting M. Constans to a duel to the death. Another prominent Boulangerist, M. Mermeix, editor of the *Cocarde*, has been condemned to a fine of 20*l.* and four months' imprisonment for publishing the depositions of witnesses before the High Court, and the Republicans dilate on this case as illustrating the dishonourable and underhand means by which the Boulangerists further their cause. For the time, indeed, each party is absorbed in defaming its opponents, and even the Cabinet is divided against itself, dissensions having sprung up between MM. Tirard and Constans.

PARIS meanwhile is gayer and more crowded than ever, the success of the Exhibition increasing as its end approaches. MM. Alphand and Berger are determined to close the Exhibition on the original date named, October 31, because they will neither risk the chance of its attractions falling off when the bad weather comes nor inconvenience the exhibitors who had made all arrangements to take away their wares at that date. Mr. Gladstone has been quite the lion of Paris for a few days, and delighted everybody by speaking in French at a banquet organised in his honour, where he paid unstinted compliments to the French Republic and her "sister Republic," the United States. Another grand banquet was given to the Khédive's two sons, at which M. Spuller took the opportunity to express such cordial and disinterested sentiments respecting France assisting Egypt as are hardly borne out by the French attitude towards the conversion of the Egyptian Debt. A gorgeous *fête* took place, on Wednesday, at the Palais de l'Industrie, when Miss Augusta Holmes's ode, "The Triumph of the Republic," was performed in dramatic style. The monument bearing the same title is to be unveiled on the Place de la République next Saturday with grand patriotic demonstrations, and a dress rehearsal has been given, including an elaborate allegorical pageant.

Military affairs chiefly interest GERMANY at the present time. Army manoeuvres are being held in different parts of the Empire with brilliant success, and the Emperor hurries from province to province to witness the proceedings and exchange cordial greetings with his fellow princes. Emperor William received the usual enthusiastic welcome at Dresden on going to the Saxon manoeuvres, and at the State banquet spoke most gratefully of the Saxon monarch's affectionate counsels and support, "which had accompanied the Emperor throughout his career, and which had been bespoken by his father, Emperor Frederick." Thence the Emperor went to Hanover for the grand operations of the season, which are being attended by an extensive gathering of German Royalities, with the Cesarewitch as chief foreign guest. Special honours are paid to the heir to the Russian throne, and though his visit was decided on last year, when Emperor William went to Russia, it is nevertheless looked upon somewhat in the light of an olive-branch tendered towards soothing the bitterness between the two countries. However, the German Press speak plainly on the understanding between Russia and France as opposed to the Triple Alliance, while an Austrian journal even hints that a Franco-Russian Treaty of Alliance will be announced when the French Chambers meet. On their side the Russian papers reiterate that, whether the Czar goes to Germany or not, there will be no change in the present strictly formal relations with the Germans. Colonial enthusiasts are much depressed by the present turn of affairs in East Africa, and only a languid interest is shown in Captain Wissmann's latest expedition to Mpwapwa, where he leads a large force to punish Bushiri for his recent murder of an official belonging to the German East African Company. The sailors returned from Samoa, where the German vessels were wrecked during the late disastrous hurricane, have been welcomed at Kiel with tremendous enthusiasm.

Affairs in EASTERN EUROPE remain in the normal state of ferment. Perhaps CRETE is in the most hopeful condition, for Chakir Pasha has at last succeeded in fairly restoring order, while the Porte, alarmed by suggestions from the Powers, is more disposed to grant the malcontents' demands than at first. A strong Turkish force will now be kept in the island, probably some 40,000 men, while war vessels will be stationed in Cretan waters. Further, TURKEY has taken some steps towards redressing the grievances of ARMENIA, having appointed a Special Commission to examine the complaints. Very little hope is felt of any thorough settlement. It is stated that the Porte intends to ask Russia for an explanation of her excessive armaments on the Armenian frontier, and is also very anxious about the military preparations in SERBIA, which so much alarm BULGARIA. The Servian War Minister has authorised the representatives abroad to explain that the calling out of the Reserves is merely temporary, and conceals no sinister intentions, while the Central Committee of the Radical party echo these sentiments, declaring that Serbia does not wish to make war upon any nation, but to develop her own prosperity. Notwithstanding these pacific assurances, the Servians are in a very divided and disturbed condition, and the return of Queen Natalie will not improve the situation. Her Majesty obstinately refuses to make any promises respecting her course of action when she returns to Belgrade, where she may be expected any day. Various officials have been sent to negotiate with the determined Queen without obtaining any concessions, Her Majesty being bent upon enforcing her rights as a Queen, a mother, and a Servian subject.

IN INDIA, much agitation continues at Bombay respecting the retention of corrupt native officials in authority. The Hindoos held a large public meeting to applaud Lord Reay for maintaining the officials, and to sympathise with their offending brethren, their opinions being shared by a small minority of the European community. Most Europeans, however, are much opposed to Lord Reay's policy in the matter, and are delighted that the supreme Government will shortly settle the dispute altogether by placing the worst offenders on the retired list. The leper question is hardly less absorbing. Lepers are found in the State offices, and even as ticket collectors on one railway, so the Calcutta Municipality intend to petition the Government to make the employment of such sufferers penal. Meanwhile they have prohibited lepers from selling food and making or working on clothes, while in one Presidency town no leper may handle any article which he desires to purchase until it is actually bought. Tantia Bheel, the notorious robber chief, who was lately caught, has made a romantic confession of his crimes. He has followed the profession of a dacoit for fifteen years—robbing, murdering, and pillaging wholesale—till lately he found himself getting old and weary of such active life. While one day he would cut off his victim's nose, the next day he would be seized by a charitable fit, and distribute large sums to the poor. The famine and distress in Ganjam have greatly decreased, but severe floods have devastated the Moorshedabad district, whole villages being under water and hundreds of natives homeless. The present condition of UPPER BURMA is represented in a most favourable light by Major-General Sir S. White, commander of the forces occupying the district, in his official despatch to the Viceroy. He states that the British hold on the country has been firmly established under the energetic administration of Sir C. Crosthwaite, the retiring Chief Commissioner. Life and property are now much more secure, the country is more prosperous, and soldiers and civilians work in unity. He complains, however, that nearly every act of the local administration is misrepresented.

There is little stirring in the UNITED STATES, for Congress will not meet until December, and politicians are still making holiday. The Cronin trial is dull, like politics, for the selection of the jury-men promises to last several weeks, thanks to the obstructionist policy of the defence. Two hundred talesmen were examined in the past week, but every one was rejected, and it seems probable that the selection may be even more difficult than in the Chicago Anarchist trial, when over 900 men were brought up before a satisfactory jury could be combined. Besides her renown for sensational trials, Chicago wants to be chosen as the site for the great World's Fair of the Columbus celebration in 1892. New York being rather indifferent on the matter, the Chicagoites are raising funds and persuading Congressmen, so that they have great hopes of success. The week's disasters include a terrific storm at Albany, Georgia, where nine men were killed by lightning, the burning down of a sugar refinery at Brooklyn with the loss of two lives, and severe storms on the North Atlantic Coast.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Like most Continental countries at this season, AUSTRIA has been absorbed in army manoeuvres. The Emperor received a most enthusiastic welcome in Galicia on his way to the operations, which were conducted with more secrecy than usual. Indeed, the German and Italian military representatives, specially invited, were the only foreigners present. Emperor Francis Joseph is now at the manoeuvres in Bohemia, accompanied by his new Heir Presumptive, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who will now reside permanently in Vienna, to be trained under the Emperor for his future Sovereign duties. The improvement of the Danube has been begun by commencing to remove the obstacles to navigation at the Iron Gates.—Owing to the recent tremendous heat in SPAIN, much sickness prevails, and typhoid and typhus are very prevalent in Vigo and neighbourhood, so that the Portuguese have established strict quarantine. The Pyrenean frontier is being strongly fortified.—The Sultan of MOROCCO is making a grand tour of his dominions, and has been enthusiastically welcomed at Tetuan. No Sultan had visited the city for many years, so the people were wild with excitement as Muley Hassan rode through in snowy white, shaded by the red State umbrella.—There is much illness among the British troops in EGYPT. Fully six per cent. of the officers and nine per cent. of the men are on the sick list.—AUSTRALIA sympathises greatly with the London dock labourers, and much money has been collected for their benefit, besides meetings being held in many of the capitals to support the strikers' doctrines.—In CHINA the railway from Peking to Hankow is finally sanctioned, and will be begun at once, Li Hung Chang having thus prevailed over the Imperial policy of keeping the Empire free from such Western innovations. The line will be 700 miles long, and pass through a district hitherto closed to European trade.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Delagoa Bay Railway will shortly be carried on from the Transvaal frontier to Pretoria, while the Portuguese and Transvaal officials of the line have already signed the tariff convention. The Transvaal intends to punish the refractory tribes in Zoutpansberg, and General Joubert has gone to commence hostilities.



THE QUEEN witnessed the Braemar gathering, at Old Mar Lodge, at the close of last week. The Duke and Duchess of Fife acted as host and hostess at the Highland games, and received Her Majesty in a special Royal pavilion, where Prince and Princess Henry, Princess Alix, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse joined the party, with numerous other guests from Deeside. The Queen remained for some time watching the proceedings, and took afternoon tea in the Pavilion before returning to Balmoral. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived next day to stay with Her Majesty, having spent a few days in town, after returning from Coburg, and on Saturday Prince George of Wales visited the Queen, on his way to stay with Mr. Mackenzie at Glenmuick. The Rev. Dr. Macleod arrived later in the day, and in the evening dined with Her Majesty, when Lord Knutsford and Colonel and Mrs. Euan Smith were the other guests. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family attended Divine Service at the Castle, Dr. Macleod officiating. Lord Knutsford and Dr. Macleod again dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Monday Prince Albert Victor visited the Queen, while the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Henry went out deer-stalking, and next day Princess Louise arrived. The Queen is much better in health than of late, but there is still some prospect of her being treated for her rheumatism next month at Strathpeffer. Her Majesty would then stay at Sir Arthur Mackenzie's seat, Coull House, which is beautifully situated among the wooded hills near the Falls of Rogie.

The Prince of Wales has returned home greatly benefitted by his stay at Homburg. The Prince remained two days in town, going to the Comedy Theatre in the evening, and on Saturday went to Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, to stay with Lord and Lady Brooke until Monday. In the evening he went North on a visit to his daughter and son-in-law at New Mar Lodge, Braemar, where he will enjoy some excellent deer-stalking in the Duke of Fife's forest,

besides sport in the Balmoral preserves. Subsequently the whole party will join the Princess and two younger daughters in Denmark. The family gathering at Fredensborg now includes the Duchess of Cumberland and her children, and on Saturday the Queen of Denmark's seventy-second birthday was kept with much festivity. Denmark's Frederick and daughters are now expected next week. The Royal and Imperial party lead a very quiet and rural life, taking long walks and drives, rowing, and fishing, and occasionally making excursions to Copenhagen and the neighbourhood. On Sundays the Princess of Wales and daughters go to the English Church at Copenhagen, the Czar and family to the Russian service, and the Duchess Waldemar to the Catholic Church, all returning afterwards to Fredensborg by special train.—Prince George hauled down his pennant from No. 79 torpedo-boat at Portsmouth after the manoeuvres. He thanked his crew individually for their hearty service, and gave each his photograph and 1*l.*

Prince and Princess Christian and family will not return home from Germany before the end of next month. The Princess is now at Wiesbaden.—Princess Louise has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower at Overstrand, near Cromer.—The Duchess of Edinburgh is still at Peterhof with her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who is a little better. The Russian Imperial Family includes several invalids just now, for the Grand Duke Constantine continues so ill that the Queen of Greece will not leave her father even for the approaching marriage of her son.—The Duke of Connaught has opened the Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition at Poona.—The Prince of Monaco died on Tuesday at his château of Marchais, near Laon, having long been absent from his own dominions. He was 71 years of age and quite blind. He is succeeded by his only son, Albert Honoré Charles, who is 41 years old.—The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Aosta was baptised at Turin on Saturday, and named Humbert, after his Royal uncle, the King of Italy.—The Shah of Persia has been much affected by the railway accident he met with when travelling through Russia, and changed his route home so as to leave Muscovite territory as soon as possible.



THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent).—We last week gave an account of the opening concerts of the Gloucester Festival. Reverting for a moment to *Judith*, it is desirable to point out that on Wednesday Dr. Parry's oratorio was given for the first time in a cathedral, and also for the first time under the composer's direction. The work certainly grows in interest as it becomes more familiar. Dr. Parry's *tempi* differed somewhat from those of Herr Richter, but the change in each case was an improvement. The quaint ballad in which the Queen describes to her children the story of Israel's deliverance from Egypt was admirably sung by Miss Hilda Wilson, while the Moloch choruses, Mr. Lloyd's solo in the old Italian style, "God Breaketh the Battle," and the *finale* to the first part, especially made a profound impression.

In regard to Mr. Williams's *Last Night in Bethany* on Wednesday evening—we have already described the work itself—its production was in every respect successful; and, particularly in association with Divine worship, the new "Church Cantata" will assuredly become a favourite. Its performance by Madame Albani, Miss Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd, and by the band and chorus, must have pleased even the composer himself, who conducted. This concert, in the programme of which was also included the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, attracted the extraordinary congregation of 3,500 persons, filling not only the body of the cathedral, but also the choir and ambulatories.

*The Prodigal Son*, Sir Arthur Sullivan's earliest oratorio, written for Worcester in 1869, but of late years very rarely heard in the metropolis, opened the programme in the cathedral on Thursday morning. Some of the solos in this work are more or less out of date, but the beauties of the contralto song, "Love not the world," so effectively delivered by Miss Hilda Wilson, of the dramatic tenor solo, "I will arise and go to my father," of the duet between the Prodigal and his parent, and particularly of the "Revel" chorus, so characteristic of Sir Arthur Sullivan's style, were once more immediately recognised. *The Prodigal Son* contains some of Sir Arthur's freshest music. That the composer at the time it was written lacked experience was, however, abundantly shown when his oratorio of twenty years since was placed in contrast with *The Golden Legend*, a work of his full maturity. At Gloucester, in both compositions, Madame Albani, Miss Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd took part, Mr. Brereton in Sir Arthur's latest cantata singing the part of Lucifer. Thursday's programme likewise included the fine *In Memoriam* overture, impressively rendered at the opening of the performance in the cathedral, M. Gounod's *St. Cecilia* Mass, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*.

The Festival closed on Friday morning with a performance of *The Messiah*, which, save that it attracted a smaller audience than usual, calls for no remark. In the evening an enormous congregation assembled at the free service, in which the United Choirs and the orchestra assisted. Tallis's music was used for the *preces* and the responses, the Psalm chants were by Battishill and Dr. G. M. Garrett, and by way of anthem Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's "Halleluia" from *The Mount of Olives* were performed. The total attendance at the Festival was 13,496, against 11,587 three years ago, and the receipts for the charity, apart from 880*l.* contributed by the stewards, was 512*l.* 3*s.*, against 425*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* in 1886.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts symphonies are now being performed on Saturday evenings, it having been found that miscellaneous audiences appreciate classical more than light music. Last Saturday Schubert's lovely "unfinished" symphony in B minor was listened to with the utmost attention by the people who crowded the promenade. At the Classical Concerts proper, Madame Roger-Miclos made her final appearance this season on Wednesday of this week, when she was announced to play Beethoven's E flat concerto. On the previous Wednesday she performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, the symphony on this occasion being the same composer's "Scottish."—At Her Majesty's Theatre "plébiscite" programmes are now announced on Saturday evenings. During the first five evenings of the week voting-papers are distributed to the audience, who are requested to mark the particular works they desire to hear on the following Saturday. The choice last week fell upon three movements from Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony, a selection from Gounod's *Faust*, Rossini's *William Tell* overture, and the Pilgrims' March from *Tannhäuser*.

NOTES ON NEWS.—An autumn season of Italian opera at Covent Garden, beginning the first week in November, has practically been arranged, with Señor Lago as impresario. Details are, however, not yet forthcoming.—Madame Patti has declined to accept any engagements for opera in London next year, and at present intends to sing only at concerts, two under Mr. Kuhe and others under Messrs. Harrison.—Miss Huntingdon has had a week's holiday from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and her part of Paul Jones has been undertaken by a male vocalist, Mr. Templer Saxe.—A new English version of Gounod's *Mors et Vita* has been pre-

pared, and it will be sung by the Bristol Festival Choral Society next November.—At Oxford University various professors of music have been appointed. They are Dr. Mee for counterpoint, Mr. James Taylor pianoforte, Dr. Roberts harmony, Mr. Harford Lloyd composition, and Mr. Hadow analysis.—Verdi's jubilee will, after all, be celebrated at Genoa, on November 18th, by the inauguration of a new institute of music, a performance of choruses from the master's operas by a choir of five hundred voices, and a torchlight procession.—Gustave Schumann, the well-known pianist and teacher of Berlin (but who was not related to the composer, Robert Schumann), died last week at the age of seventy-four. Among his pupils was Gustave Lange, the composer, who predeceased him by a few weeks.—Little Otto Hegner's orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall will be given in association with the Royal Amateur Orchestra, under Mr. Mount's direction.—Madame Minnie Hauk has purchased for her residence a villa at Tribtschen, near Lucerne, in which Wagner is said to have lived during his exile.

### CENTENARY OF THE RICHMOND WATERMEN'S REGATTA AND VENETIAN FÊTE

FAVoured by exceedingly fine weather, these festivities took place on Wednesday, August 28th, under the management of Messrs. C. Capel Smith and T. C. Brooks, the Postmaster of Richmond, who were assisted by the Watermen of Her Majesty the Queen. The programme contained nine events, the principal race being the Watermen's Double Sculling Race, for which there was the large number of eighteen entries. The racing was varied and caused some amusement, especially in the punting and canoeing competitions, and the minor events bringing the sports to a conclusion. But it was not until after dusk that the Thames looked at its best. Soon after nightfall the whole of the river shone with one

will follow on Monday with Offenbach's comic opera, *The Brigands*, the book of which is the production of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Saturday next is the date fixed for the reopening both of DRURY LANE and the GAIETY—the former with *The Royal Oak*, the latter with the new burlesque of *Ruy Blas*, in which Miss Farren and Mr. F. Leslie will reappear for the first time since their professional tour round the world.

The death of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, dramatist, dramatic critic, and journalist has caused wide-spread regret. Mr. Blanchard, who was a son of the famous comedian, William Blanchard, the contemporary of Liston and the elder Mathews, was a popular playwright nearly fifty years ago. His *Angels and Devils*, *The Road of Life*, and other pieces in which that spirited actor George Wild won renown, were very successful. Well remembered also was *Pork Chops*, that amusing satire upon *Victorine* and kindred lugubrious melodramas which present a long dream in action. Mr. Blanchard had led a busy, and on the whole a prosperous life; but of late years growing infirmity had caused his once familiar face to be often missed on first nights. He was nursed in his last illness with affectionate care by his wife, who is well known in connection with women's emigration and other philanthropic movements. Mr. Blanchard's remains were interred in the Kensington Cemetery at Hanwell on Tuesday, amidst a great concourse of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.

The proprietor of the GREENWICH Theatre has hit on the notion of ornamenting his playbills with a picture of the house, on which every exit is marked in conspicuous fashion. Somebody has objected that in the face of fire or panic no one would be likely to consult this guide to the methods of escape. This reminds one of the criticism of a gentleman on Mr. Murray's "Travel Talk," when he found the exclamation, "Dear me, our postillion has been struck dead by lightning!" set forth for his convenience in four languages. Mr. Morton, the manager, of course expects his visitors to master

appears in a leading theatrical paper:—"Notice to Managers.—A new thrilling drama, entitled 'Florence Maybrick,' is now being written from the late Maybrick trial. Guilty or not guilty?—Address Authoress—"

The latest recruit to the stage from the ranks of "society amateurs" is Mr. Arthur Bouchier, a gentleman of decided aptitude for the profession. Mr. Bouchier has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry for her professional tour, which began with *Esther Sandras* at Wolverhampton on Monday last.

Messrs. Brock's Jubilee benefit at the Crystal Palace, on the 5th inst., was, as usual, a complete success. The attendance was over 63,000, and the great event of the day, the firework display, a triumph of pyrotechnic skill. Among the amusements, in addition to the fireworks, provided that evening, we should mention Messrs. Percivale Craig and Alan Campbell's drawing-room entertainment, which daily attracted large audiences in the theatre. Their programme included, amongst other items, a highly amusing "Ventriloquist Sketch," by Mr. Craig, and songs and musical sketches, of the Grossmith type, sung by Mr. Campbell. It is to be regretted that better provision for conveying visitors to the ground was not made by the railway authorities, and that they fail to profit by frequent experience.



AMERICAN APPLES will not be so plentiful as usual in England this year. The crop is small both in Canada and the United States.

CAMEL CARAVANS IN AUSTRALIA are becoming quite common, and prove most useful. The largest caravan yet known in the country has just been started, consisting of sixty camels.

THE LATEST BRITISH ANNEXATION consists of Humphrey and Riersen Islands in the South Pacific. They form part of the Manihiki Group, and lie north of Cook's and the Society Islands, and to the north-east of Samoa.

"POLITICIANS' INK" has been invented by an ingenious Parisian. This ink is warranted to fade and entirely disappear from the paper within a week, so that no compromising correspondence may be preserved to injure or hamper the writer and receiver.

THE ARCHDUCHESS STÉPHANIE OF AUSTRIA is an accomplished artist, and is now busy drawing illustrations for the completion of her late husband's work—"Austria-Hungary in Word and Picture." She has just finished three charming views in Lower Austria.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LONDON ART COLLECTION has been opened to the public on Sundays. The Duke of Wellington has permitted members of the National Sunday League to inspect his treasures at Apsley House on the last two Sundays, visitors also being admitted to-morrow (Sunday).

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF VENICE is seriously threatened by the improvements now in progress. As many of the canals are to be widened, some of the most characteristic quarters must be demolished, so artists are raising an outcry, and have induced the Minister of Public Instruction to write to the Venetian authorities for explanation.

TRAINED DOGS FOR MILITARY PURPOSES have answered so well in Germany that similar experiments have been made in the Austrian army. Pointers, sheep-dogs, and poodles are the best breeds, and the dogs will carry messages and ammunition, guard depôts, and perform outpost-duty. One dog recently took a message over a distance of eight miles in an hour and five minutes.

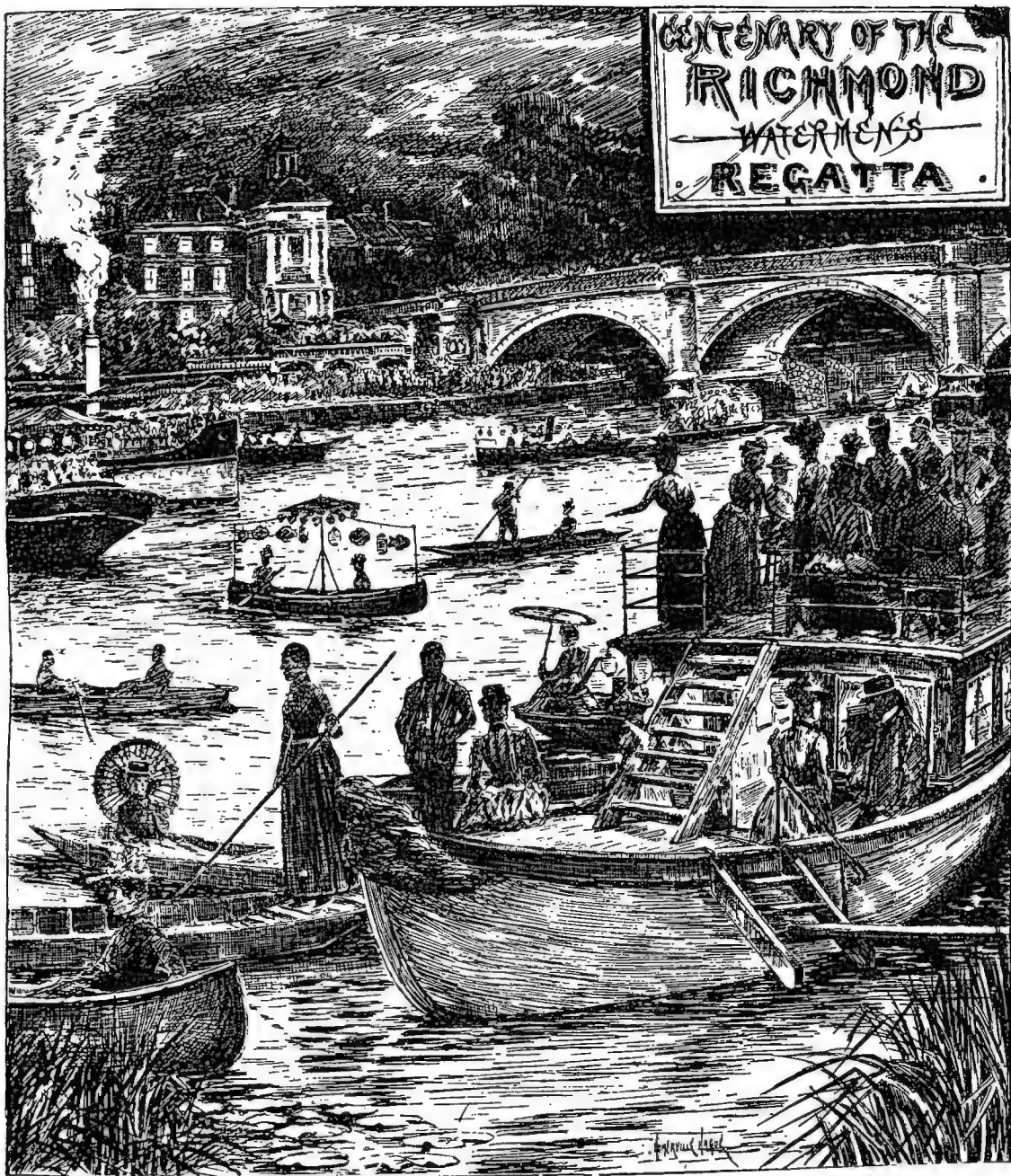
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT has been introduced into the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, much to the alarm of many superstitious Celestials, who call it the "devil light." Some, indeed, endeavour to exorcise the supposed evil spirit by burning incense and scattering scraps of religious writings about the streets. There are some 40,000 Chinese in San Francisco, who earn annually about two-and-a-half millions of money, nearly all of which goes away to China.

ANOTHER PERILOUS FEAT has been successfully achieved at Niagara. Steve Brodie, who once jumped from the lofty Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, shot the Falls in an indiarubber Boyton suit, his head and body being protected by cotton padding. He was taken out unconscious, but soon recovered, with no worse injuries than bruises and a slightly sprained back and ankle. He states that after he had entered the river he felt deadly frightened, and became insensible as he reached the brink of the Falls, coming to for an instant from the force of the blow when he struck the water at the base of the cataract.

A MONKEY DETECTIVE recently brought a criminal to justice at Singapore. A native with a little boy, a bear, and a monkey travelled lately through several villages in the Straits Settlements, and made a good sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying murdered close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were being taken to the police-station, when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg, and would not let go. The man seemed so alarmed and anxious to get away that the police became suspicious, and searched him, with the result of finding part of the money belonging to the murdered native. The balance was discovered at his house.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Up to last Saturday night the number of visitors since the opening reached 14,486,741, against 7,125,887 during the same period at the 1878 Exhibition. The English visitors have increased in proportion, 284,000 having crossed by Dover and Calais alone up to August 31st. The Paris theatres also find their receipts considerably augmented, notwithstanding the complaints at the beginning of the season that the Exhibition attractions ruined all other amusements. The tropical visitors are beginning to feel the approach of autumn, and long to get home to a more congenial atmosphere. The Congolese have accordingly left, and the Senegalese follow next week, while the Annamites and the Javanese have borne the chilly temperature fairly well, and will, therefore, stay till the Exhibition closes. A party of natives from Tierra del Fuego have just arrived—fine men, but not over-clean looking. Mr. Gladstone has been up the Eiffel Tower, where the "Great Old Man," as the French journals style him, inscribed his name in the register. The largest number of visitors yet known at the Exhibition were recorded on Sunday—304,000.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,170, against 1,263 during the previous seven days, being a fall of 93, and 282 below the average. The death-rate went down to 14 per 1,000. The scarlet fever epidemic continues to increase, there being 1,021 patients in the London Hospitals last Saturday, but the fatal cases remain low, and were only 18 last week—20 below the average. There were 30 deaths from diphtheria, 28 from whooping-cough, 63 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 21 from enteric fever (a rise of 9, and 3 above the average), 9 from measles, 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, 1 from typhus, and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths, and one case of hydrophobia occurred. There were 2,373 births registered, a decline of 52, and 373 below the usual return.



serried blaze. Some hundreds of boats hung out illuminations of various kinds, many remarkable for their beauty and originality, and a veritable fairy scene was enacted for the benefit of the spectators.

The illuminations were admitted on all hands to be more brilliant than any seen in connection with a regatta on the Thames, and the gorgeousness of the colouring and diversity of the effects will doubtless be remembered by the spectators for a long time to come. The prizes were given by Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart., at the annual dinner on the following Friday night at the Greyhound Hotel, when the watermen of Richmond seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.



THE London stage is awakening with something of the startling suddenness which characterises the breaking of the spell in Lord Tennyson's "Sleeping Palace." On Thursday Mr. Buchanan's version of *Roger la Honte*, to which he has given the title of *A Man's Shadow*, was produced at the HAYMARKET, too late, unfortunately, for notice this week, and to-night the ADELPHI commences its autumn season with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's melodramatic drama, entitled *London Day by Day*. The AVENUE

the internal economy of his theatre in case of the need which, it is to be hoped, they will never experience.

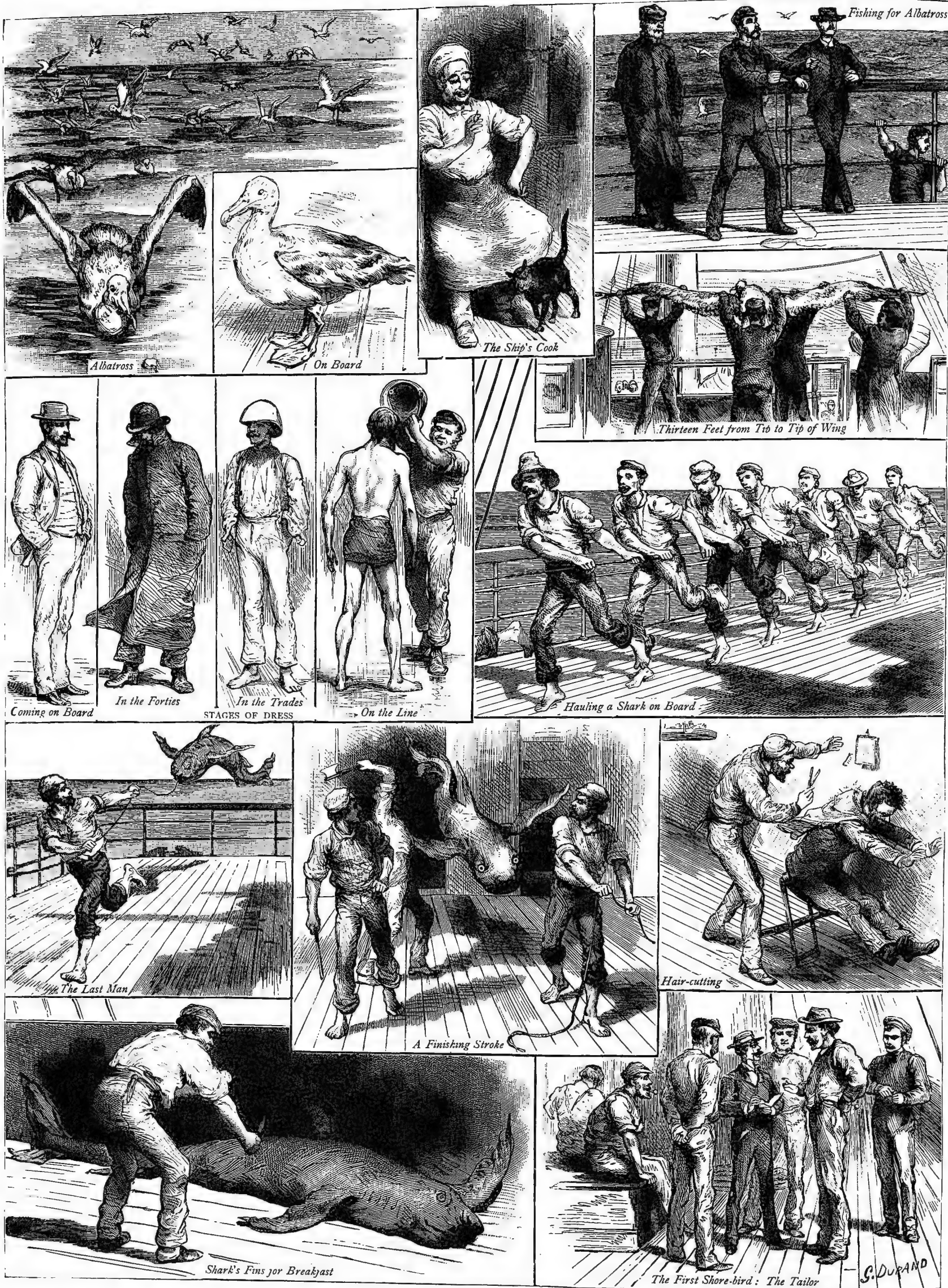
The Society of French Composers and Dramatic Authors have divided among themselves in the shape of fees, for the past year, the enormous sum of 760,000l. sterling. Of this the dramatists take 120,000l. only. The moral seems to be that in France play-writing is a good trade, but composing popular music is a better.

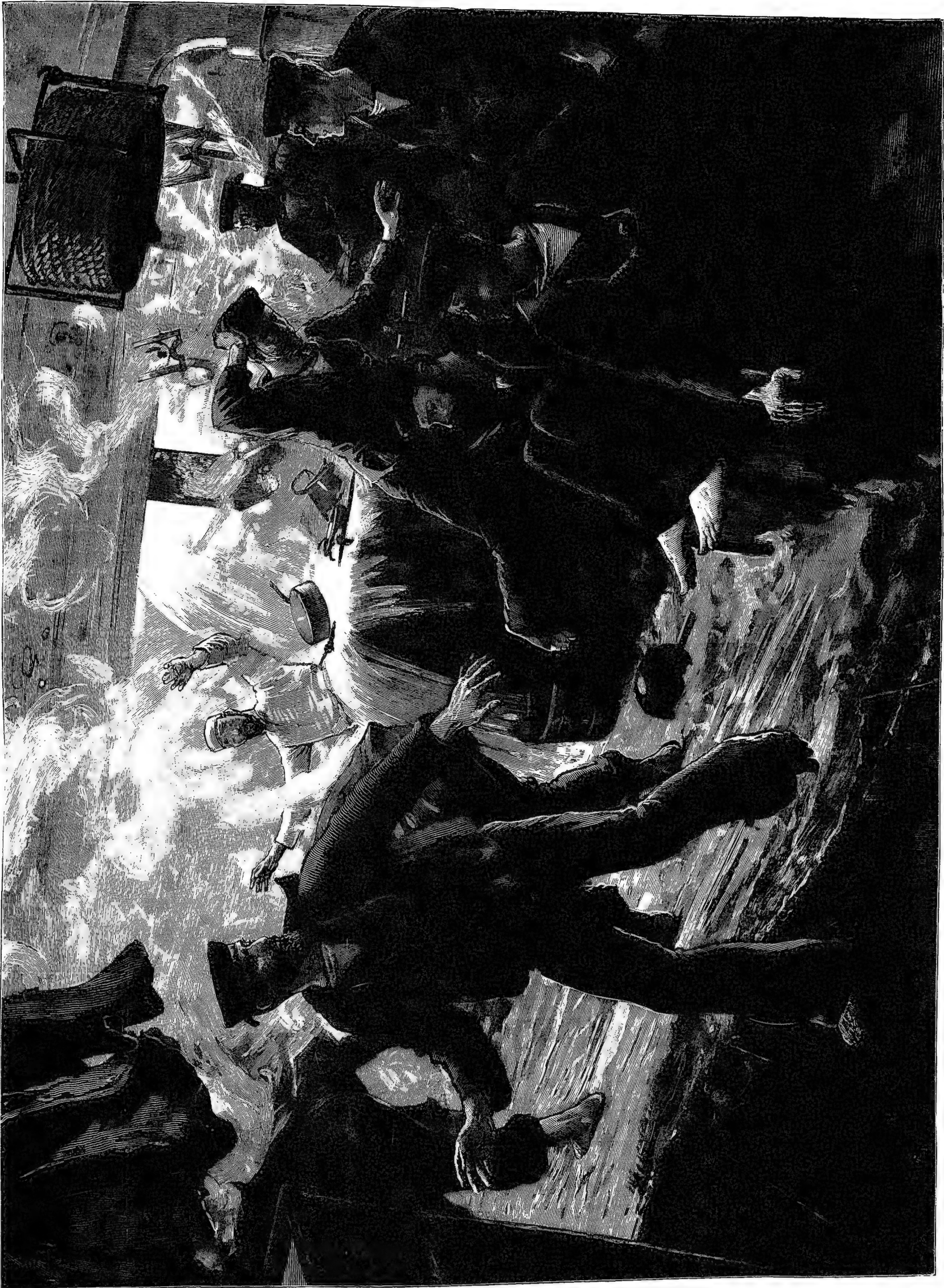
Miss Jessie Lee, daughter of Mr. Richard Lee, the journalist and dramatic author, who made a very favourable impression lately in *A Highland Legacy* at the COMEDY Theatre, has accepted an offer from Mrs. Langtry to join that lady's company now on tour.

Mr. Irving has deemed it necessary to address to an American paper the following telegraphic message, dated London, August 26th:—"Report that I have ever complained of unfair treatment by the American Press is absolutely false and malicious. I feel almost ashamed to contradict it, feeling there is little need of doing so; but would not like a shadow of doubt in the minds of my friends."

The late Mr. Albery's *Forgiven* is to be revived at the CRITERION. It is a sort of a comedy-drama, turning upon the sorrows of a village maiden, whom an aristocratic young gentleman woos and marries, after the fashion of the "Lord of Burleigh," though not with the steadfast affection of that faithful hero. *Forgiven* was brought out at the GLOBE seventeen years ago, with Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Larkin, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. Compton, Miss Louisa Moore, and Mr. David Fisher in the cast.

The bad taste of the two French dramatists who have based a melodrama on the revolting subject of *Jack the Ripper* seems to have excited an evil spirit of emulation on this side of the Channel. So, at least, we judge from the following advertisement which



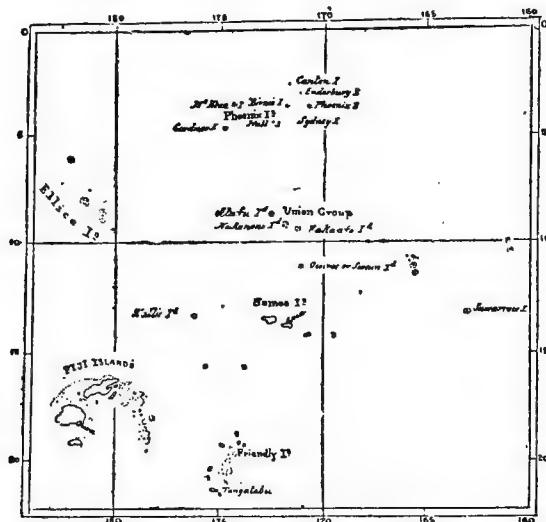


THE "CONQUEROR" SHIPS A HEAVY SEA WHICH FINDS ITS WAY TO THE WARD-ROOM GALLEY  
A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVRES

## THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OVER THE UNION AND PHENIX GROUPS, S. PACIFIC

ON June 16th, 1889, H.M. Surveying Ship *Egeria*, Commander C. F. Oldham, left Apia, Samoa, for the purpose of proclaiming a Protectorate over the Tokolau, or Union Group.

The group consists of three clusters of islands, viz.:—Faka-afu, Nukunono, and Atafu, the islets of each cluster being connected by a coral reef, forming what is known as an "atoll." These reefs are more or less circular in form, enclosing a lagoon in the centre; there is no passage into them. The land is formed on the raised



MAP OF SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, SHOWING POSITIONS OF UNION AND PHENIX ISLANDS

reef by the washing of sand and broken coral from the sea during rough weather, thus constituting a ring of islands along the reef. Some are from one to six miles in length, covered with coconut palms and other trees, while others are mere sand-banks. A naval officer sends us the subjoined sketches and account of the proceedings:—

"On the 20th, at daylight, we arrived off Faka-afu; it is of coral

is larger than those in the other two islands, and consists of a large church belonging to the London Missionary Society, the inhabitants numbering two hundred and eighty. An English trader (Mr. Duffy) employed by a New Zealand firm was living here. The flag was hoisted here, and the Proclamation read before the King and natives in their so-called Parliament House, a notice to this effect being nailed to a tree near it. The principal industry of this group is the making of hats and mats, many of which were bartered for by our officers and men. The people live only on fish and coconuts; water is very scarce.

"Our next visit was to the Phoenix Group, which consists of eight scattered islands, the southern one being two hundred and sixty miles to the north-west of Atafu.

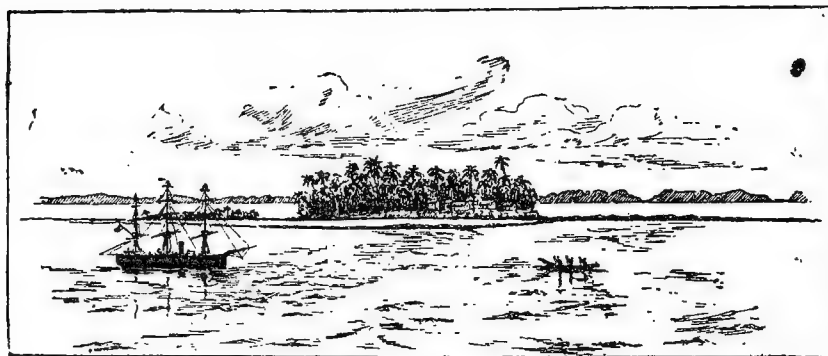
"Stations had been established on most of the islands of this group by an American Company (J. Williams, of New London, Connecticut, U.S.A.), about twenty years ago, for collecting guano; the remains of huts, tramways, &c., are still existing.

"The islands of this group are also of coral formation, from one mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide, to eleven miles long and four miles wide, very low, with but little vegetation; all are uninhabited, through the home of immense numbers of various kinds of sea-birds.

"Sydney Island was the first one touched at; it is only about two miles long by one mile broad, of coral formation, a belt of wood surrounding a lagoon not open to the sea. Here we found three natives who had been left as "caretakers," some old huts were still standing. The Union Jack was hoisted on an old flagstaff, and the Proclamation board nailed up. A survey of the island being made, our next visit was to Phoenix and Enderbury Islands, both of which are low, with shallow lagoons in the centre, and covered with sea-birds. The Union Jack was hoisted, and a survey made of the former island.

Proceeding to the northward, we arrived off Canton Island, the largest and most northernmost of the group, and found a very fair anchorage off the west, though only two hundred and sixty yards off the reef. The island is of coral formation, ten to eighteen feet high, with numerous low bushes and a frequent succulent plant. It is eleven miles long, the width varying from eighty to seven hundred yards, enclosing a large lagoon having an opening to the westward. The remains of huts were still standing, and wreckage observed. A detailed survey was made and several sectional soundings obtained during our stay of eight days.

On our return trip to Apia (Samoa) we visited Birnie and Hull Islands; the former is a very dangerous strip of coral, about a mile long, but the latter island, which is about five miles long by three miles wide, is covered with trees, bushes, and some coconut palms, enclosing a lagoon. Two deserted huts were seen on the western side, near which the flag was hoisted and the Proclamation-board nailed to a tree.



H.M. Surveying Ship "Egeria." King's Residence  
FAKA-AFU ISLAND

formation, its shape being that of a triangle with the apex to the south, about eight miles long and four miles wide. The native canoes soon came off to us, as the visit of a man-of-war is of rare occurrence, though a schooner calls in occasionally for copra (the dried nut of the coconut palm). Landing being impracticable in the boats on account of the surf on the reef, the Captain and some of the officers landed in canoes, the ship remaining close off the village on the western side of the reef, the only island inhabited.

"There is deep water close to the reef, but no anchorage. In the village was a stone-built church, surrounded by numerous huts made of palm leaves, inhabited by 230 people, ruled over by a king; one European trader was living here. The King and the

"Landing on all these islands is very bad, owing to the breakers and coral nature of the shore, and is only feasible by going through one of the natural cuttings or grooves in the reef."

### AN ITALIAN WATERING-PLACE

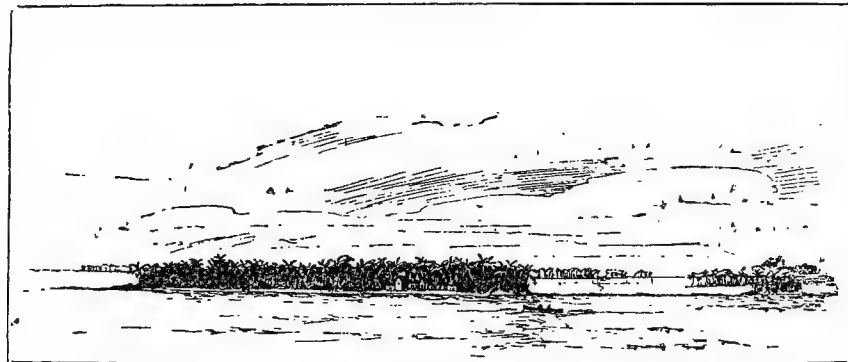
ALASSIO, on the Italian Riviera, is a watering-place of a very unique and curious character. It is the only watering-place on the Corniche Road, between San Remo and Pegli, which is really a suburb of Genoa. It is the only watering-place on this famous coast which is at its best in the summer season. A very rapid

away, and the humbler natives spend the money the tourists have left behind them, and have their own place to themselves. When the autumn months come on, the Alpine peasants come down from the mountains on business connected with corn and hay. At Christmas-tide, too, these shepherds make their appearance in the old town. They have special midnight services, when a lamb is solemnly blessed.

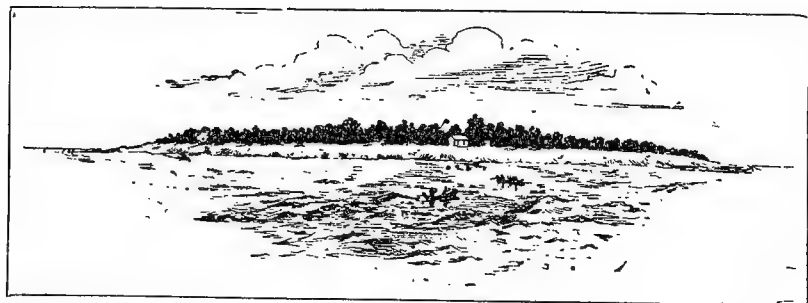
I have twice visited Allassio, with an interval of nine years between the visits. The place has not changed at all, except that the population has grown more sparse. The town consists of one long narrow street, which is stretched out like a ribbon along a very lovely bay. One side of the street seems built for the purpose of shutting out the lovely sea view. Each end was flanked by gateway and tower. Since my first visit the towers seem crumbling away, but as a compensation there is a new hospital. I must not pass over the English element, though I wish to speak chiefly of the old town and the Italian folk. The colony is not large, and is hardly likely to be larger. They have a lovely little church, with a fine apse, and in the vestry one of the best English libraries in the Riviera. But the townsfolk have neither the capital nor the energy to take the steps necessary to make the place popular. A great deal of land belongs to a rich Englishman, who owns the famous gardens of Mortola, but he is tired of trying to help those who, through their misfortune or their fault, are unable to help themselves. There is a great want of new and attractive houses. There is a tolerable hotel, but it cannot rival any really good hotel—except in its charges. The worst fault of the place is the deficiency of good drainage and good water. There is nothing in the way of water-pipes or fountains. It has also a peculiar kind of mosquito. It does not make the buzzing, booming, warning as the regular mosquito, but noiselessly pursues its bloodthirsty work in an equally effective manner. It is called the papatacchia—which means "eat and hold your tongue." But people who live in Allassio, or become acclimatised to it, think that there are few places in the world that can surpass those yellow sands and that ultra-marine sea, its fine air, and the panorama of forest-covered hills.

The people are especially interesting, and I the rather speak about them because their state is typical of many a village on the Italian seaboard. The population is decreasing, and here there is especially a paucity of men. In some villages there is sometimes not a single man to be seen. They are all off to the tunny fisheries. They go to the coast of Corsica or Spain, or North Africa. The labour is very hard, the exposure and privation great; but this is the only way by which a sailor can hope to save a little money and get married. Sometimes, as soon as he is married, he has to be off to the fisheries again.

There is also an immense stream of emigration all along the coast, mainly setting in towards South America. There is such a craze for military and naval preparations in Italy that, to many poor



NUKU-NONO ISLAND



SYDNEY ISLAND

natives being assembled, the Captain read the proclamation, which was interpreted to them by the trader, the Union Jack was hoisted on a staff, while the blue jackets and marines on board the ship fired a *feu-de-joie*. A board, with the following notice thereon, was nailed to a tree:—

"PROCLAIMED UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION, JUNE 20TH, 1889.  
C. F. OLDHAM, COMMANDER H.B.M.S. *Egeria*."

"In the afternoon we left for Nuku-nono Island, distant fifty-five miles, arriving there next morning at daylight. This island is also of a triangular form, with the apex to the north, about seven miles long and five miles wide, and a lagoon in its centre. The only inhabited island is on the S.W. side of the reef, with a population of 260; two Portuguese traders were living here. The natives are nearly all Roman Catholics, and a large stone church, surrounded by huts, stands close to the shore. The same ceremony was gone through here as at Faka-afu, the flag being hoisted on a staff near the church and the Proclamation board nailed to a tree. In the afternoon we left for Atafu, distant fifty miles to the N.W., arriving there at daylight. It is also a lagoon island, three miles long and two and a half miles wide, the surf breaking heavily on the reef. The islets which have been formed on the reef are eight to ten feet above water, and covered with coconut palms and pandanus trees.

"The only inhabited island is on the northern side. The village

exodus takes place at Easter from all the fashionable seaboard resorts, and by the first of May they are very nearly emptied of all English residents. For several weeks every seat in the limited mails is taken; the rush of departure is both heavy and simultaneous. Some visitors from Mentone and Monte Carlo are kept waiting for days or weeks. But Allassio, even for the English, keeps its season a month later than any other resort on the Riviera of the South of France and North Italy. In this extra month it is often crowded, so far as its slender capabilities well permit such crowding. The doctors will recommend delicate patients, who will not well bear sudden transplantation to colder climates, to break their journey at Allassio, and so gradually acclimatise themselves before going on to Switzerland or England. Those, too, who drive along the Corniche to Genoa frequently make their halting-place here for a night or two. In the season, the bracing air mainly suits only the more hopeful class of invalids. When the summer heats come on, the well-to-do classes among the native residents make their way northwards, through the dense chestnut forests, towards the Maritime Alps. The deficiency is more than supplied by the crowds of Italians who come down for the sea bathing—for Allassio boasts of glorious level sands, the best summer bathing, so far as my knowledge goes, except some delicious sandy coves, all along the Riviera. Then, too, the gardens of each villa and palazzo show at their very best. The British tourists go

people, the burden of taxation is absolutely intolerable. The amount of depopulation is so serious that it merits the most serious attention of the Italian Government. Those who are left behind work very hard. I have never seen a more industrious community than that of Allassio. Besides the distant tunny fisheries, the boats are always out with their nets, and sometimes coral-seeking. The people work at all sorts of trades. The making of barrels and weaving are special industries. Of course they attend also to the culture of the grape and olive.

Here, and all along the Riviera, it is painful to see how the poor peasants, by the want of good sense and good management, neutralise the advantages of their marvellous soil and climate.



ATAFU ISLAND.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "OLD DRURY"

The following reminiscences have no pretension to be consecutive or chronological, being merely desultory "memories" of visits—few and far between—to Drury Lane Theatre at different periods of my life. A long absence from England must be pleaded as an excuse for their incompleteness, it being generally admitted that "la plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a."

When very young—it is immaterial to state how many years ago—I had the good fortune to see Edmund Kean in no less than four of his best characters, namely, Richard III., Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, and Brutus in Howard Payne's tragedy. Even at that tender age, the impression produced on me by his acting must have been indeed powerful, for I can still vividly recall to mind the shuddering sensation of fear with which I listened spellbound to his bursts of passion in the great scene with Iago, and to his terrific explosion of rage as Massinger's hero. Which of his colleagues, male or female, played with him I know not; I can only remember one striking figure, whose every look, word, and gesture exclusively absorbed my attention, and by whose side the others, whoever they may have been, shrank into utter insignificance. Since then I have witnessed, and carefully studied, the performances of almost every leading tragic artist of my time, English and foreign, but—with the exception of Rachel, and, in a lesser degree, of Salvini—not one has in any way approached the idol of my youthful days, or appeared to me to have passed the boundary-line which separates talent, however eminent of its kind, from that rarest and most precious of all inherent gifts—genius.

I have a distinct and agreeable recollection of the charmingly graceful Pauline Duvernay, whose Cachucha, most comically burlesqued by the clown Tom Matthews, attracted all London to Drury Lane. This most fascinating dancer shortly after retired from the stage and married Mr. Lyne Stevens, a gentleman of large fortune, whose heart she had won by her *pirouettes* and *entrechats*, and who at his death bequeathed to her the whole of his property, amounting to several hundred thousand pounds, including a magnificent hotel in Paris, where she resided for many years.

Other Terpsichorean celebrities, less fortunate in their matrimonial speculations than the fair Pauline, but whose artistic qualities entitle them to an honourable mention among the numerous exotic birds of passage temporarily located at this theatre were Aïle Dumilâtre, tall, thin, and angular, but marvellously agile; Adeline Plunkett, delightfully *piquante* in the *Revolt of the Haron*; and the stately and muscular Priora. All these, if I remember rightly, were engaged by Bunn, who had a weakness for ballet and spectacle, and was ever on the look-out for some chore-graphic novelty which might advantageously be substituted for his especial abhorrence—the legitimate drama.

Whenever the management of Drury Lane was vacant, Alfred Bunn, if he could possibly raise the necessary funds, invariably stepped in and took it. His tenure of office was sometimes short, sometimes long ; but generally terminated in a financial collapse, if not in absolute insolvency. Immortalised by Thackeray as "Dolphin" in "Pendennis," the autocrat of our "national" theatre was an inexorable martinet in his own domain, and tyrannised over his subordinates, not excepting his factotum John Cooper, to his heart's content. He was the most sanguine of mortals, never allowed himself to be discouraged by a reverse, but, even when on the verge of bankruptcy, contrived to stave off the evil day by filling the house with orders, in the hope of inspiring unwary playgoers with a belief in the genuineness of his illusory receipts. In his leisure moments he occasionally cultivated the Muse, the "books" of several of Balfe's operas having been written by him; his verses, although certainly not worse than those of Fitzall and other librettists of the period, by some unlucky chance were pounced upon as fair game by the leading writers of *Punch*, and mercilessly "slated" in that periodical week after week. Bunn reddened by the publication of "A Word with *Punch*"—whether written by himself, or by some sympathising man of letters, has not been clearly ascertained—in which he singled out three principal offenders, Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, and Mark Lemon, and unparingly held them up to ridicule as "Wrong-head," "Sleek-head," and "Thick-head." This unexpected retort considerably damped the ardour of the trio, and, not feeling sure what further reprisals "poet Alfred" might have in store for them, they wisely resolved to leave him alone for the future, so that

Le combat finit, faute de combattants.

I may add that in a catalogue lying before me while I write, "A War with *Punch*," the original cost of which was threepence, is priced two guineas.

During Bunn's managerial career, his most successful hits were first, the engagement of Van Amburgh and his lions, and secondly, in 1832, that of Malibran, who drew crowds to the theatre in the *Maître à Paris*, an opera composed expressly for her by the indefatigable Balfe. I need not dwell on the rare qualities of this admirable artist, unquestionably the most gifted singer I ever heard. It is enough to say, that she was then at the height of her celebrity, and that her glorious voice had not lost an iota of its incomparable charm. The cast of the opera included Henry Philip, who obtained a nightly encore for his "Light of Other Days," and Templeton, whose habitual coldness Malibran contrived to "saw into" a semblance of animation. This impressive tenor always reminded me of an actor in a French provincial town, who played the young lover with a mechanical frigidity which, on his releasing *La Dame aux Camélias* with a lady-star from Paris, so aggravated Marguerite Gautier that she impatiently exclaimed:—"Ah çà, Monsieur, ne restez pas là comme une bûche ! Tremblez-vous, et prouvez-moi que vous m'aimez !"

When Macready undertook the management of Drury Lane, in 1842, he produced *Acis and Galatea* on a scale of great splendour; and, thanks to the delightful warbling of Miss Romer and Priscilla Horton, and to Henry Phillips, who sang the—to my mind—immensely tedious air, "O, ruddier than the cherry," most energetically, he recouped himself for his outlay. This was followed by General Griffin's *Giuseppe*, with the manager himself in the title-part. Although letter-written that the majority of modern tragedies, and especially acted, the piece, contrary to Macready's anticipations, was financially a failure. Poor Griffin, who had tried in vain for twenty years to get it played, had not the satisfaction of witnessing its production, his ill-starred career having terminated in 1840.

More successful was Jerrold's charming little comedy, *The Prisoner of War*—less cynical in tone than many other dramatic works of that clever writer, and equally remarkable for its brilliant dialogue and interesting plot. Few pieces within my recollection have had the advantage of so excellent a cast, including Phelps, Anderson, the Keeleys, Hudson, Selby, Morris Barnett, and the attractive Julia Fortescue. The rehearsals had been personally directed by Macready, who, as he tells us in his "Diary," "bestowed

much pains upon them," the result being as perfect an *ensemble* as any theatre in the world could show.

One more reminiscence, and I have done. In November, 1844, I was present at the first performance of Mr. Balfe's (and Bunn's) *Daughter of St. Mark*—not one of his best operas, but containing two very popular melodies, "Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile," and "We may be happy yet," both sung by the tenor Harrison. *Après* of the last-named air, Planché, in his "Recollections," after recording Bunn's death in 1860, relates that Balfe, visiting his old *collaborateur's* grave some time later, pronounced over it the following brief, but characteristic, funeral oration. "Well, never mind, poor Alfred, 'we may be happy yet!'" C. H.

THE traveller who goes South from New York in the night loses but little landscape beauty in the first stage of his journey. Thanks to the moon I saw as much of the land as I wished to see : its sparse trees ; its scrub and swamp ; the solitary houses standing like the Tombs of the Campagna ; city after city with their undeviating streets and white-washed staring churches. As a relief, we came at length to the Delaware, sparkling with moonlight, and stood alongside it while a train in front tolled its bell.

At Trenton, a city of high warehouses, a noisy young man, somewhat inebriate, entered the car, and opened his heart to me with childlike confidence.

"I 'tent bar at the Smith Hotel for five months, but if I had stayed there I'd have killed myself with drink, so I thought I'd better change."

Of the nature of the change he had time to say nothing ; for he fell asleep in the middle of his outpourings.

We were nearly frozen by the time Philadelphia was reached : for the stove had been overlooked and the oil-lamp burned feebly. But amends for this were made by an enforced removal into another carriage, stale, and hot enough to bake bread in.

Philadelphia at midnight was still as the grave. A single voice had called "Phila," and a single being other than the officials of the train walked solemnly by, taking the numbers of the carriages. Not a sound came from the great city below us. There was the glitter of its endless electric lamps upon the still bosom of the Schuylkill, and of the cross lights from the bridge which spanned the river. Otherwise, save for the gliding to and fro of the misshapen locomotives, with a brief bellow or a whistle, it was as if one were near a vast pleasure-ground, after the Jubilee, but before the extinction of the lights.

Three railway guards joined company with me for the night-ride to Baltimore, resplendent in gold lace, and majestic with self-esteem. Who can help admiring this noble class of States officials! Of course they have nothing in common with their class representatives in England. Fancy associating our home "porters" and Matthew Arnold's poetry! But, on the other hand, I do not believe the statement that the American guard is, on an average, consummately clever at capping verses. However, the inference that he is among the cultured of mankind may be accepted. He looks like it. He behaves as if this superiority were not to be questioned. And therefore a large proportion of the populace, frightened, bedulled, or disgusted by the maxim that every one is as good (and therefore as bad) as every one else, bow their heads before these superb creatures with loud voices and imperious manners, and quite forget that they are after all, mere collectors of strips of card, and of unpaid fares.

Though it was autumn, a little snow fell between Philadelphia and Baltimore; and the cold intensified. The snow, however, gave colour to the land. We passed through many eccentric towns, if they might be judged by their names. Among the fifty or sixty, worthy of notice seem Mount Moriah, Principio, Gunpowder, Eddy-stone, &c. Havre de Grace (Harve de Gârce, if you please) is a type of many other similar plagiarisms.

After skirting the widening Delaware for many miles towards its mouth we lost it, and took up with the lustrous Susquehanna instead. Then we stood for a while on a long trestle bridge, which spanned the latter river where it merges into Chesapeake Inlet. There seemed some doubt about the strength of the bridge. The guards thought but meanly of it. I suppose, therefore, it was to test it that we stayed for many minutes idle while a piercing gale whistled against us from the sea, rattling the train as if it were a toy.

"I guess we'll have to creep over it to-night," remarked one guard to his fellows. "Whew! what a wind!"

He was right. We crawled at a snail's pace across the great stretch of mottled water, of which thenceforward, until Baltimore was reached, we had intermittent and diverse views.

At Baltimore I spent a couple of Arctic hours in a waiting room, with a dozen spittoons and a stertorous lady; and when at length the Washington car was brought forward, for temperature it might have been a refrigerator. The Baltimore cabs were lounging toward the depôt, and the cabmen bracing themselves like their cockney brothers, when we started afresh.

Washington slightly atoned for our past discomfort. The sky had ruddled the east ere we saw the Capitol; but when, having steamed slowly through the seat of government (a city flat, ill-cultivated, unlovely and rudely kept), we suddenly beheld a pinnacled dome suffused with rose light like an Alp, and afterwards its snowy steps, columns, pediments, courts and wings all bathed in the same strong glow—then all hardships were forgotten. I watched the pageant of sunrise from the train for several minutes of the twenty here devoted to breakfast, and then only under urgent pressure from the menials of the place did I recur to the buffet.

"Lots of time, sir," said the dark-skinned waiters; but of course it was nothing to them whether they spoke truth or told lies. If you sat for twenty minutes the charge is seventy-five cents; and the charge is the same if you are only able to take a scalding mouthful of coffee.

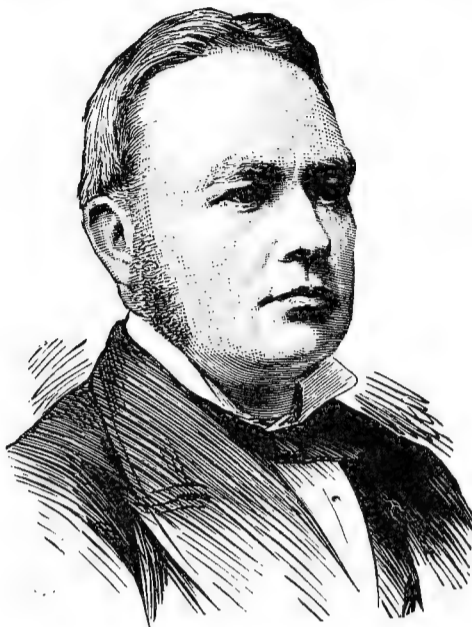
When I regained my seat I was side by side with a Congressman—a muscular gentleman, with long curling hair, a planter's hat, leathery skin, and an irrepressible tongue.

leathery skin, and an expression of the face that said, "Florida, eh!" Was I going so far South? Well, he thought the State was coming on. They heard much more about it in the House than of yore, and its bonds were quoted high in Wall Street. Thanks to Mr. X—— (a financier of Philadelphia, who gave the Government a million dollars for four million acres of Florida land), the "Orange State" had got into a condition of perennial "boom," and he (my Congressman) had nothing to say against it. Paying me a delicate and agreeable compliment, he then summoned the newsboy (who gave him a bright "Morning, Judge"), and bought ten cents' worth of fine Florida fruit, some of which he presented to me.

In the meanwhile we had made acquaintance with another great stream of the States—the Potomac. At first sight it did not recommend itself. We skirted a repellant, slimy shore, which further away changed to low, infertile sandhills. The sun was for the moment clouded, so that the river had a muddy look. Even its vastness was not in its favour. To the right of us was the mighty column which raises George Washington's effigy higher than that of any other man. It did not look its height; it stood up precisely like what it is—a towering, white, quadrilateral pillar. With the reappearance of the sun, however, pillar, river, and city resumed the magnificence that is claimed for them. The broad reach of shining blue water entranced the eye, studded, as it was, far out with a number of white-sailed fishing-boats.

Thus ushered in, the day developed into splendour as we entered the forests of Virginia.

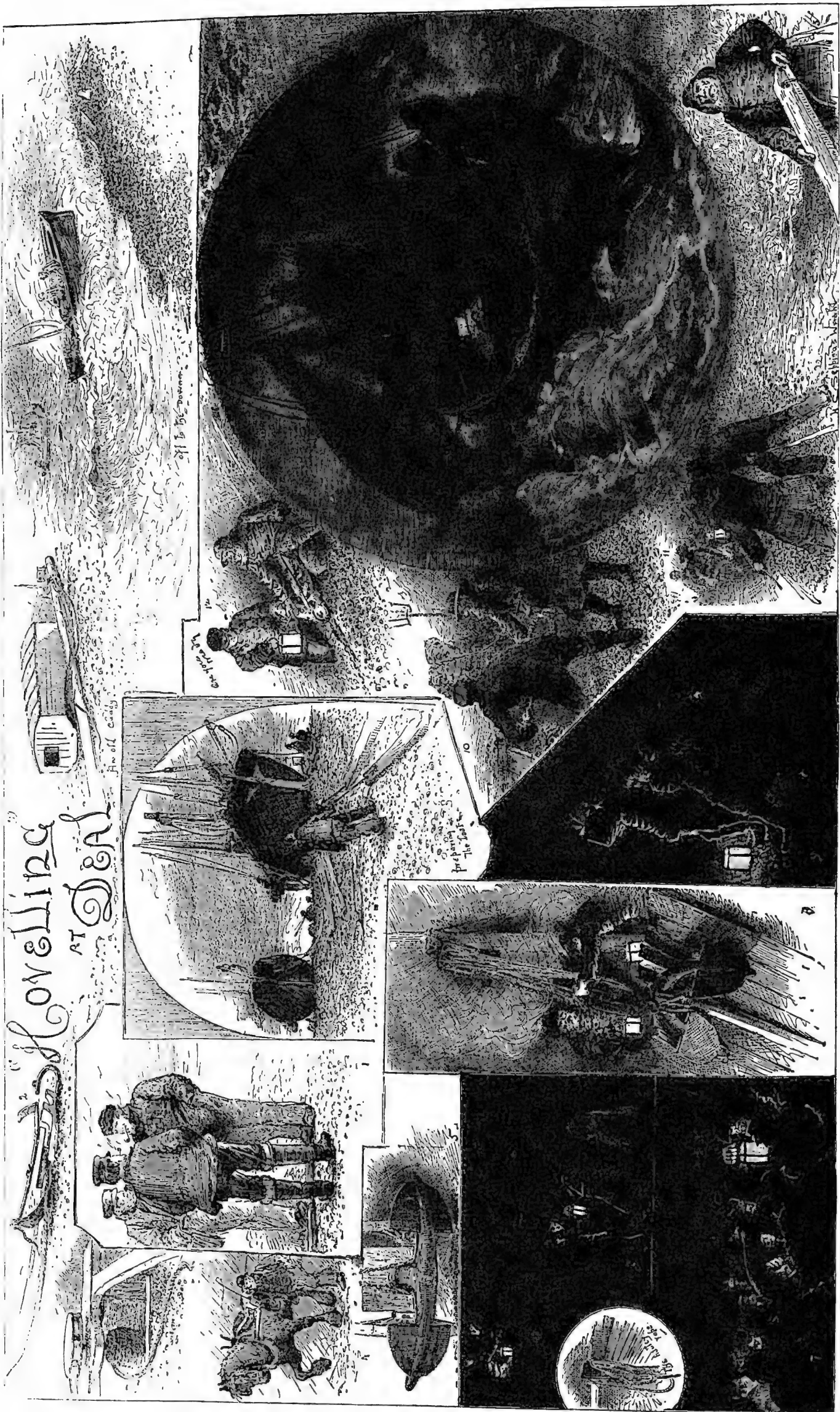
By the very sudden death of Mr. J. F. B. Firth, which took place at Chamounix on the 4th inst., the cause of Municipal Reform in London loses its ablest and most energetic champion. Mr. Firth's tall and burly figure, and open and resolute face, were well known in London. He was born near Huddersfield in 1842, and was called to the Bar in 1866, when he joined the North-Eastern Circuit. He assumed the name of Firth in addition to that of Bottomley in 1873, graduated at the University of London in 1875, and first entered Parliament in 1880, as the colleague of Sir Charles Dilke, in the old Borough of Chelsea. Mr. Firth made no great mark at the Bar; his reputation was wholly won by the plucky way in which, almost single-handed, he attacked the abuses of the Corporation and the City Companies. He was the founder and moving



spirit of the Municipal Reform League, and to the agitation set on foot and maintained by that body is due in great measure the fact that we now have a County Council for London. In 1885, Mr. Firth lost his seat in Parliament; but on the resignation of Mr. Lacaita at Dundee in 1888, Mr. Firth was elected to take his place. During his absence from Parliament, in 1887, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Howell brought against the Corporation the famous charges of "malversation." In this matter, Mr. Firth was the real accuser, as he was also the chief witness before the subsequent Committee of Inquiry, when he produced the mysterious book known as "The Johnson Account," which disclosed particulars of a subsidised opposition to the movement of which Mr. Firth was the head. It was to his initiative, also, that was owing the appointment of the Royal Commission on City Guilds, of which he was a member. Mr. Firth was appointed to the office of Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council, with a salary of 2,000*l.* a-year. He was to all appearance a man of a particularly robust constitution, who might have looked forward to many years of hard work; it appeared, however, that he suffered from some unsuspected weakness of the heart, which was doubtless increased by the great amount of labour he had undertaken in connexion with his new appointment. Last Wednesday week he left his family at Chamounix, to climb the Flégère alone, and some time afterwards his body was found a little distance beyond the inn on the Flégère. Mr. Firth married, in 1873, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. George Tatham, of Leeds.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street.

"HOVELLING" is a term used by the Deal boatmen for taking anchors and cables off to vessels in distress, and applies generally to anything in the way of assisting vessels in the Downs. The Deal boats vary in size. The smaller ones are constantly out in the Downs looking for jobs among the ships at anchor there. When they find anything like a big job, such as a vessel having lost her anchors, they have to employ the large boats built for the purpose. Formerly, it was a very common thing for ships to want spare anchors, &c., but, in these days of steam, such an event causes quite a commotion in the place—so many people hope to share in the proceeds. First, the boatmen who get the job have to find a few more to form a crew of twelve for the big boat. They simply annex the boat, and the owner receives two-thirds of the money for his share; then a score or so of beach-loafers and labourers have to be hired to assist at getting the anchor and cable on board. First, a suitable anchor is soon found amongst a lot of them at Deal, in this case it weighed forty hundred weight, and was brought through the town slung on a sort of trolley. In the mean time the boatmen are all excitement getting the boat ready. Some have to see to the provisioning, water, &c., as they may be out a few hours or a week (they having to find the vessel, which by this time has run into the North Sea for sea room); others are rigging a small jury mast in the centre of the boat, to which is attached a three-fold tackle. The mizen is set, and everything cleared about the foresail, to prevent any hitch in the setting at the proper time.

A small derrick is fitted to the stern with a roller at the end, and now the beachmen bring up the cable. This takes some time, as it weighs pretty heavy, besides having to be handled with chain hooks; the end is then handed up, over the roller, to the men on board, and by them carefully stowed in the well in such a way that it will come out easily when all the cable is on board. The anchor is brought alongside; a willing crowd pounce on it. Slides (or "woods") are laid lengthways over the shingle, and then, with a "Heave altogether, boys!" the forty hundredweight of iron is "man handled," and wheeled up to the side of the boat. By this time it is getting late, and horn lanterns have been the order of the day. It is wonderful under such circumstances that everything went off so well. When the anchor is alongside the "woods" which formed the way are placed upright against the side, to bear the anchor off, and also form a sort of inclined plane to help the tackle. A "servagee strop," a sort of band of rope yarns, which is soft, and supposed to be stronger than rope, is fixed to the "crown" of the anchor, to which is hooked the lower block of the tackle. A smaller tackle from the foremast is hooked to the ring, and then,



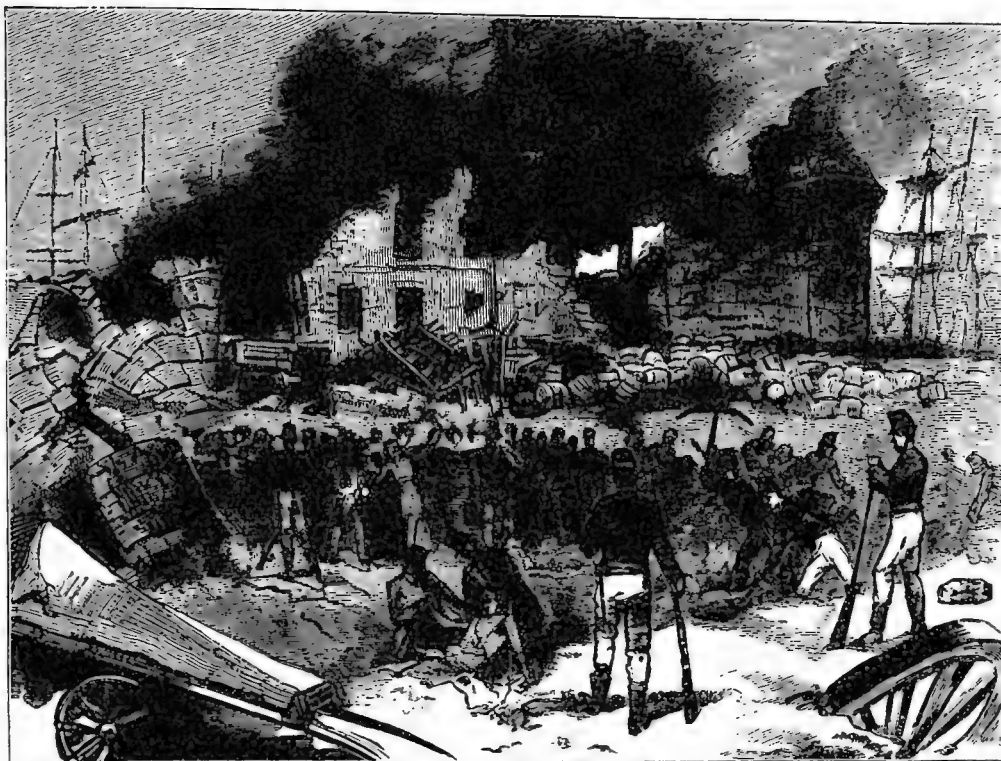
10. Serving up the Hawser at the Capstan  
11. Bringing on the Skids  
12. Cutting the Stop  
13. The last "Wood" Man  
14. Off into the Stormy Night

6. "Lifting up" the Cable  
7. Bringing along the Anchor  
8. Three-fold Purchase rigged for Hoisting the Anchor  
9. "With a will, boys!"

Deal Boatmen  
1. Snatch-Box used in connection with  
2. The Capstan for Hauling up Boats  
3. Bringing up the Cable  
5. The Anchor (40 cwt.)

with another "Heave together, boys," from the opposite side of the boat, the huge anchor gently slips up the "woods." When the crown is high enough the other end is raised by means of the tackle from the foremast, and when it is well clear of the "woods," the order to "Ease up gently" is given. In the mean time a steady rope has been made fast to the shank, and this prevents the anchor from swinging too suddenly into its place in the centre of the boat. The crown is lashed to a lollard and the ring to a bolt in the deck, and the order, "All aboard" is given.

In the mean time the labourers and helpers have been placing the "woods" down the beach. An old experienced hand—the last "wood" man—with a good deal of nerve, takes his place on the edge of the breaking surf, ready, as she comes gliding down the "woods," to give her the last one. Everything is all clear, when a voice from the stern calls out, "Are you all ready?" "Ay, ay!" comes from the boat, and the last rope yarn is cut. The *Allion* seems to hesitate for an instant, and then, with gradually increasing momentum, dashes wildly into and through the breaking waves. The cuddy light is obscured by the cloud of spray, and then comes out clear and strong



FINDING THE BODIES

for a moment, and gradually dies away in the darkness of the night as she goes on her mission.

All launches are not quite so successful. Sometimes, through a shift of wind, the boat comes down broadside into the surf, and she stands a good chance of being knocked to pieces. The capstan has to be manned, and she has to be hauled up bodily and relaunched. The sketch of a snatch-block which is brought into requisition is shaped something like a dish for working easily on the shingle—this is attached to a chain fixed in the keel or forefoot of the boat, and the hawser rove through it. Some years ago a dreadful accident happened. The boat was launched all right, but the tide was so strong that she was carried right under the pier and capsized, and all the crew, with the exception of two, were drowned. This sort of accident won't happen again, we hope, as they generally wait for the ebb before launching, which carries the boat away from the pier. If they should have to launch on a flood a hawley rope is used, a sketch of which is given. One end is on board the boat, and the other is fastened to an anchor about fifty yards away from the beach, and this enables them to haul well clear of the pier.



THE PETROLEUM FIRE THE NIGHT AFTER THE EXPLOSION

THE FATAL EXPLOSION AND FIRE AT ANTWERP

# A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

THIS year, for the third time, the British Association for the Advancement of Science holds its summer meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In 1838 it met in the "Metropolis of the North," with the Duke of Northumberland as President, and again in 1863, with Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong in the chair. This year the chair is taken by Professor William Henry Flower, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, who delivered his Presidential Address on Wednesday last. The different sections are presided over by the following gentlemen:—Mathematical and Physical Science, by Captain W. de D. Abney; Chemical Science, by Sir Lowthian Bell; Geology, by Professor James Geikie; Biology, by Professor J. S. Burdon Sanderson; Geography, by Colonel Sir Francis de Winton; Economic Science and Statistics, by Professor F. Y. Edgeworth; Mechanical Science, by Mr. William Anderson; and Anthropology, by Professor Sir W. Turner. The meetings of 1889 (which continue till the 19th inst.) will be practical to an unusual degree, as Newcastle offers attractions which will interest scientific men of all kinds.

It is unfortunate that Newcastle presents its least pleasing features to the casual observer. The traveller who sweeps through the "Metropolis of the North" on his journey to Scotland sees old and tumble-down houses, blackened walls, a dingy river, and a muggy atmosphere. Henceforth Newcastle is to him another Sheffield, and to hear its name is to think of dirt and smoke and tall chimneys. The river Tyne, flowing far below, redeems somewhat the prospect from the famous High Level Bridge, but the water is of a muddy-brown colour, and the many factories on the banks are of unrelieved ugliness. To know Newcastle aright it is necessary to see it otherwise than from the railway. It is a mistake to suppose that Newcastle is a town of tall chimneys and much smoke. A Newcastle man would shudder at the first sight of Sheffield or Bilston. His own city has no-le streets, is surrounded by fine open country, and may occasionally get the suspicion of a whiff of sea air from Tynemouth and the coast. Old Newcastle (behind the new buildings on the quay-side, at Pandon, and in the neighbourhood of the Norman Keep) is dingy, but it is not ugly, and its historical associations are full of interest. The great manufactories which for the most part lie along the river side, these, indeed, are ugly, but so are factories everywhere. The wanderer in Newcastle comes in many places upon traces of the past greatness of the town, despite the fact that the citizens have ruthlessly destroyed some of the most venerable relics of antiquity. Nun

Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. The present Guildhall was built by Robert Trollop, whose epitaph is worth quoting:—

Here lies Robert Trollop  
Who made the stones roll up;  
When death took his soul up  
His body filled this hole up.

From the stairs of the Guildhall Wesley has preached, and a hundred memories cluster round the building. The Close is a narrow street running parallel with the river from the Sandhill, half a mile westward. Once it was the chief thoroughfare of the town. The Castle is one of the most interesting relics of ancient architecture in Newcastle; its Keep, though restored, is still one of the best remaining examples of a Norman stronghold. Besides the Keep, all that remains of the Castle to-day is the postern on the Castle Stairs, and the Black Gate, once the main entrance. The Castle Stairs, which lead from the Castle Garth to the end of the new Swing Bridge, are steep and dirty, but extremely picturesque, the gables of the houses leaning over quaintly towards each other.

St. Nicholas's Cathedral is the most conspicuous object in the town. Its famous steeple, about which Ben Jonson made verses, is the pride of Newcastle and the wonder of all visitors. The church itself has been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. Modern Newcastle may be said to be the creation of Richard Grainger. He was born humbly, towards the close of the last century, and early showed a taste for architecture. He made Newcastle a city of stone. Grey Street is the best example of his architectural skill. It is one of the finest streets in the kingdom, and its graceful curve has the merit of grouping, as if for pictorial effect, the best examples of Grainger's genius. Grainger Street is plainer than Grey Street, and Clayton Street is plainer still. Grainger dealt little in ornament, but produced his effect by mass and grouping.

The Town Moor is the best of the Newcastle parks; though recently the town has owed to the generosity of Sir William Armstrong that unique pleasure resort, Jesmond Dene, with its waterfalls, winding paths, and wooded banks. Armstrong Park, also presented to the town by Sir W. Armstrong, lies on the side of a beautiful valley, sloping upward to a level piece of ground which overlooks the town and the valley of the Tyne. It is grandly wooded, and full of slopes and undulations. Elswick Park is rather a garden than a park; but it is laid out with great taste. The Swing Bridge, built by Sir W. Armstrong and Co., is of the most massive strength. The weight of the swing is 1,450 tons; its length 281 feet. The High Level Bridge, built by Robert

ROWING.—A brief account of the match in which Searle defeated O'Connor will be found among "Our Illustrations," George Bubeat has challenged Neil Matterson, Searle's trainer.

PEDESTRIANISM.—J. Kibblewhite did another fine performance on Saturday in the Four-Mile Race at the Tufnell Park A.C. meeting, doing the distance (on grass) in 20 min. 50 4-5th secs. On the same day E. H. Pelling, at the Kildare B.C. meeting, ran 300 yards in 31 3-5th secs.

THE TURF.—The St. Leger is dealt with among our "Topics of the Week." Here it suffices to say that Mr. J. Gretton's Miguel and Lord Bradford's Davenport (which has already been well backed for the Cesarewitch) followed Donovan home. (On the first day at Doncaster the Fitzwilliam Stakes was won by Mr. C. Hibbert with Upstart, and the Doncaster Welter Plate by Mr. A. Cockburn with Jezreel; but the chief event was the Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate, in which Mr. J. Lowther's Hounds-ditch followed up his previous success. Mercy was second, and Polydore third. On the St. Leger day the Rufford Abbey Stakes fell to Sir C. Harpott's Lal Brough, and the Tattersall Sale Stakes to Mr. Maple's Narrator. The weights for the Autumn Handicaps were published last week. For the Cesarewitch, as was to be expected, Veracity has 9 st., and Goldseeker a pound less. All these have accepted. For the shorter event Satiety was accorded the top weight of 9 st. 7 lbs., but did not accept. Veracity 9 st. 1 lb., and Fullerton 9 st., now head the handicap. Already there has been some wagering on the events. Vasistas, the Grand Prix winner (8 st. 4 lbs.), has been backed at 100 to 8 for the longer event, and Philomel (8 st. 1 lb.) was at the time of writing in most demand for the Cambridgeshire.

The only important event at Derby, not noticed last week, was the Hartington Plate, in which the placings were Lord Hastings's St. Patrick, 1; Ixia, 2; and Corbeille, 3. At Sandown, on Friday, Lord Calthorpe's Heresy won the Michaelmas Stakes, and Mr. H. Milner's Dalwhinnie the Nursery Stakes. Next day the Carington Handicap fell to Upstart, the Abbey Stakes to The Saint, and the Olympian Welter Handicap to True Blue II.



A CLAIM of 5% for damages arising out of the strike was made against a firm of shipping agents by an actor who had received an engagement in America, but had lost it because the vessel in which he had taken his passage to sail on the 31st August had not yet sailed. The defendants pleaded that on account of the strike men could not be got to load the cargo. They offered to refund the plaintiff his passage money, but declined to satisfy his claim for damages. Ultimately the sitting magistrate, Sir Andrew Lusk, made an order in favour of the plaintiff's claim, but, as the point was a novel one, he granted a case for the consideration of a superior Court.

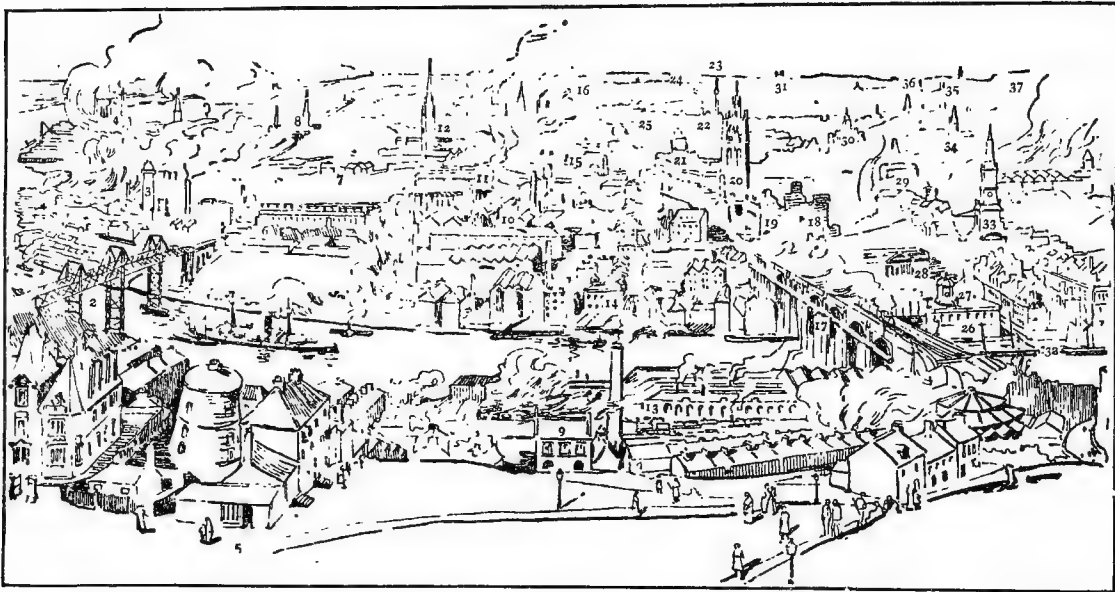
THE POLICE HAVING MADE A SUCCESSFUL RAID on another of those so-called clubs, which are merely common gaming houses, the proprietor of the Newmarket Club, Strand, and a large number of persons found in a room where it was evident bacarat had been played, were charged at Bow Street. The magistrate said it was a very serious case, and adjourned it until Tuesday next, to allow a full investigation into the characters of the defendants, who were liberated on their own recognisances. Mr. Wontner, who prosecuted for the police authorities, said that he had been engaged in scores of similar cases where, in some instances, heavy fines had been imposed, but this did not seem to have the slightest effect in checking the evil. He therefore suggested that the magistrate should consider the expediency of inflicting the statutory alternative of imprisonment.

ANOTHER WHITECHAPEL MURDER was brought to light early on Tuesday morning, when a police-constable discovered, behind a hoarding under a railway arch in Pinchin Street, St. George's-in-the-East, the trunk of a woman horribly mutilated. At the same time three men came out from under the arch, who said afterwards that, being homeless, they had gone there to sleep. When they entered the arch they saw, they said, nothing of the body, and heard afterwards no sounds in their vicinity, but, as they were the worse for liquor, no importance attached to their statements. The medical men, who soon examined the body, came to the conclusion that death had occurred at least three days previously. The deceased was surmised to be about forty. The woman was pronounced to have been, when alive, in a somewhat neglected condition, addicted also to drink, and to have belonged to the poorest class. The medical men were of opinion that the cuts had been inflicted by a left-handed person, which would point to the murderer as the perpetrator of the previous Whitechapel murders who was surmised to be left-handed. On the other hand, the cleanness of the cuts and the knowledge of surgery displayed in dissecting the body are thought to militate against this view, since, though the mysterious murderer did his work of mutilation effectively, it displayed no approach to scientific knowledge. At the Coroner's inquest on Wednesday evidence was given by the police constable who discovered the corpse. The last time that he passed the arch before he found the body was, he said, about 5 A.M. He saw nothing, and as day was breaking he was positive that, had anything been there, he would have seen it. The Coroner intimated that the body not having been identified, and the medical examination not having been completed, the inquest would be adjourned until Tuesday week.

THREE UNQUALIFIED MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS have been prosecuted at Birmingham for falsely styling themselves Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons and Doctors of Medicine. Each of them was convicted on two charges, and fined the maximum penalty of 20s. in each case, or 40s. in all, with costs. They had been visited by two detectives who pretended to be in need of medical advice. One of the defendants demanded and received a consultation-fee of 1s. and 1s. for medicine, and informed his visitor, who was in robust health, that his case was a very serious one.

A COMMITTEE of clergymen and others, appointed to put down Sunday trading in Blackburn, began their work by prosecuting—under the Act of that highly religious monarch Charles II.—a tobacconist in their town for selling tobacco on a Sunday. The prosecution was not conspicuously successful, the Magistrates letting the delinquent off with a fine of half a crown.

THE GREAT WARS OF THE WORLD during the last thirty-four years have cost over two million and a quarter lives, counting those alone who died from wounds and not from subsequent sickness. The Crimean War claimed 750,000 victims, the American Civil War 800,000, the Franco-Prussian campaign 215,000, of whom nearly two-thirds were French. Over 30,000 men fell in South African wars, 25,000 in the Bulgaro-Servian struggle, and 25,000 in the Afghan campaign.



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|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Girls' High School (Gateshead) | 10. Stephenson's Works       |
| 2. Redheugh Bridge                | 11. Central Railway Station  |
| 3. Shot Tower                     | 12. St. Mary's (R.C.) Church |
| 4. Armstrong Works, or Elswick    | 13. Gateshead Railway Shops  |
| 5. Windmill Hills (Gateshead)     | 14. Old Mansion House        |
| 6. Forthbanks Goods Station       | 15. St. John's Church        |
| 7. Infirmary                      | 16. Leazes                   |
| 8. St. Mary's Church              | 17. High Level Bridge        |
| 9. Gateshead Water Works          | 18. Old Castle               |

- |                             |                         |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 19. Black Gate              | 28. Moorhall            |
| 20. St. Nicholas' Cathedral | 29. Royal Arcade        |
| 21. Town Hall               | 30. Police Court        |
| 22. Central Exchange        | 31. St. Thomas's Church |
| 23. Earl Grey's Monument    | 32. Quay Side           |
| 24. Town Moor               | 33. All Saints' Church  |
| 25. St. Andrew's Church     | 34. St. Peter's Church  |
| 26. Guildhall               | 35. Clayton Memorial    |
| 27. Sandhill                | 36 & 37. Jesmond        |

Street and Nun Lane take us back to olden times, and in the house of the Dominican Friars Edward Baliol did homage for the Scottish Crown. The destruction of the famous Carlisle Tower, which once formed part of the defences of the city, was carried out despite the protests and petitions of the citizens. A handsome Free Library now stands on its site. The ponderous Swing Bridge is built on the exact site of the Bridge of Hadrian, and its predecessor rested on oak foundations which dated from Roman times.

Newcastle probably owes its foundation, as it certainly owes its growth, wealth, and fame, to the river Tyne. The Saxons have left few memorials on the Tyne; they went further north, to Bamborough. The Danes went further upon the stream, and their principal settlement was where the ugly district of Pandon now lies. Jarrow, with the monastery of the Venerable Bede, was once one of the most famous places in Saxondom. The river for many a long year was miserably mismanaged by the Corporation of Newcastle. In 1813 the average depth of water on the bar at Tynemouth was six feet. A vessel drawing nine feet of water foundered at Newcastle quay. In 1860 the river was at its worst, vessels were detained for weeks after loading, unable to get to sea at high water. Three American vessels lay aground on the bar at one time. But all that is now changed. After a long struggle in the House of Commons, the Tyne Improvement Act was passed, and the River Tyne Commission was appointed. It set to work heartily. The stream was dredged, sand banks of sixty-five acres in area were removed, a jutting point was swept away, and great stone piers, which have taken many years to construct, have been built at the river mouth, rendering it the finest and safest harbour on the north-east coast. The depth of water on the bar is now 22 ft. at low water, and 37 ft. at high water in the spring tides. A vessel of 25 ft. to 35 ft. draught may lie along the quay. With regard to ship-building the Tyne now takes a foremost place, and its shipments of coal are greater than those of any other river in the kingdom. Newcastle Quay Side is now one of the finest riverside embankments in the world. The new buildings which have sprung up since the great fire are palatial. The warehouses and offices are of enormous size and solidity. Huge "elevators," capable of very quickly exhausting a steamship of its load of grain, stand near gigantic hydraulic cranes capable of lifting a hundred tons.

The Sandhill, a kind of triangular enclosure, where a market is still held, is the centre of the civic life of Newcastle, for there stand the Exchange and Guildhall, the merchants of the Quay Side and the Corporation dividing one building between them. From a great many-windowed house in the Sandhill the daughter of Aubone Surtees, banker, eloped one morning, and ran away with Jack

Stephenson, is an object of much pride to the Newcastle people. It has two roads—one for the ordinary traffic between Newcastle and Gateshead; and the other, above, for the railway. The length of this viaduct is 11,337 feet, and a ship in full sail can pass beneath it.



CRICKET.—Dr. W. G. Grace and Abel did a fine performance in the second innings of the South against the North at Scarborough. Going in first, they put on 226 runs for the first wicket, Abel making 105, and the Champion, who always makes some big scores at the end of the season to bring his average up, 154. For the North, Hall and Flowers each made 75, and Barnes 79. The match was drawn.—Pilling's Eleven easily defeated Hall's Eleven at Leeds, chiefly owing to the fine bowling of Briggs and Mold.—We are not in favour of Cricket Challenge Cups as a rule, but an exception must be made when they produce such a very fine struggle as that between the Anchor and Cassandra Clubs in the final tie of the Cambridgeshire Association competition. On each side a "century" was made—by F. W. French (15 and 102) for the Cassandra, and by G. Watts (107 and 42) for the Anchor—and the Anchor eventually won by one wicket.—The annual match between the Christopherson family and the Blackheath Club was won this year by the Club by 9 runs only.—With the Hastings Festival, which is in progress this week and next, the season finally ends, as far as first-class cricket is concerned.

FOOTBALL in the North is now in full swing, and we regret to have to record a fatal accident already. It is to be hoped that this season is not to be so notorious in this respect as last was. At present Preston North End do not seem quite up to their usual form. They have drawn with Abercorn, and only just managed to defeat the Clydesdale Harriers. In League matches—it will be difficult this season to distinguish between the matches of the various leagues, alliances and combinations—Aston Villa drew with Burnley, and Stoke with Derby County, but Blackburn Rovers succumbed to Everton, and Notts County to Wolverhampton Wanderers.

# AN ARTIST'S NOTES IN HOLLAND

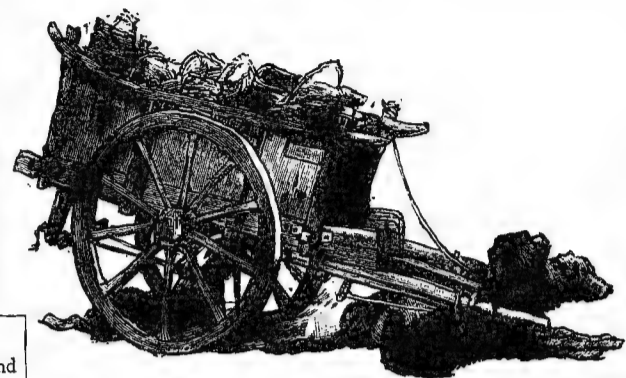
## THE OLD DUTCH VILLAGES OF BUNSCHOTEN AND SPAKENBURG

THOUGH perhaps no people in Europe are so conservative in their customs as the Hollanders, still of late years many of the most characteristic features of Dutch life have disappeared, and the artist in search of the picturesque will do well to leave the towns, the sea-coast, and the banks of the more frequented canals, to visit the out-of-the-way villages in which the eager competition of modern commerce is unknown, and where the folk live in the steady-going quiet fashion of their ancestors, content to work only so much as is needful to earn a modest competence, and thus have leisure to devote themselves to that hard toil so dear to a true Dutchman, toil which is unproductive from a political economy

of the old school only don on these rare occasions, and which are carefully stowed away in carved oaken chests, covered with moth-destroying herbs, and are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. At one of these Kermesses it is easy to realise the antique life of Holland. Here the quaint figures, the rough and not over sober revelry, and the clumsy country dances, call to mind at once the Dutch boors who carouse so merrily on the canvases of the Old Masters.

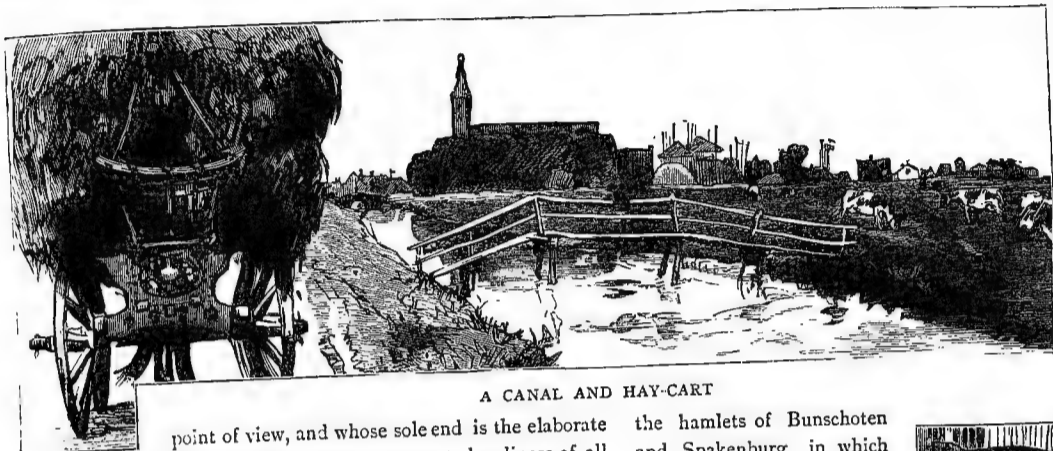
And there are still villages, if one knows where to find them; not show-places like Marken, but villages

unvisited by British tourists, and unknown even to the Dutch, where houses and villagers have preserved the features of bygone days. Such are



A DOG-CART

a waterway of commerce; for a small canal there is, as shown in the sketch, and it is almost impossible to find a village in Holland



A CANAL AND HAY-CART

point of view, and whose sole end is the elaborate ornamentation and extravagant cleanliness of all his belongings.

The quaint national costumes are now but rarely worn in the towns, and even in the villages the traveller will find the inhabitants dressed, as a rule, very much in the same way as persons of the class in England, and he himself, if arrayed after the fashion of many of our insular tourists, is likely to be far more eccentric in his appearance, possibly even more picturesque, than most of the people he will meet.

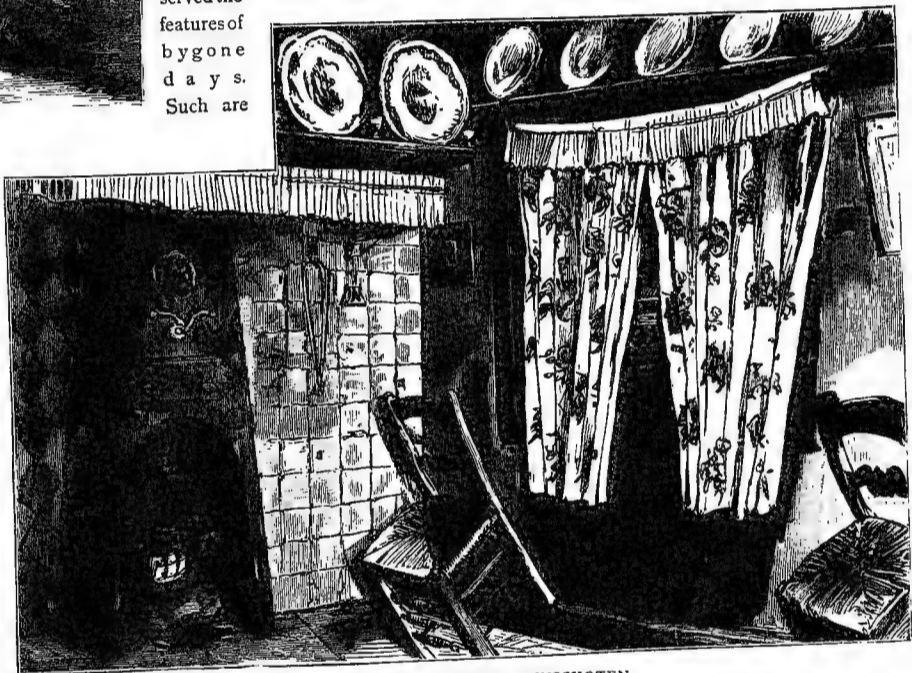
So too with the houses and the canal-boats. These last used to be constructed of solid oak, deep-carved into grotesque forms, and oiled and varnished and polished at every leisure moment of the proud owner and his family. But the railways have now almost entirely superseded the *trekschuit* or canal passenger-barge drawn by horses, which was not long since a lively feature of the canal life; the *tjalks* or trading sloops are now often built of less durable woods; the carved oaken sterns, cabin-tops, and other decorations are sacrificed to utilitarian economy; and when the fine old vessels, now still common, have fallen to pieces—which will not be just yet, for they endure a century, so stoutly built they were, and so careful is the Dutch skipper of his craft—the canals will lose much of their present old-world appearance.

And the new houses in the villages again, small, of red brick and white cement, of uniformly simple and strictly practical architecture, are scarcely beautiful. Though they may seem interesting at first, because differing from houses in other lands, so stunted and bright-coloured and clean are they that they remind one of the spick-and-span dolls' houses of the toy-shops, still they are somewhat disappointing to the traveller who visits Holland in expectation of finding himself in a new world of quaint and picturesque objects.

But the old world sights are still to be found in their integrity here and there. The national costumes are still worn in certain parts of Friesland, for instance, and on the islets of the Zuider Zee, notably at Marken, which, being so near to Amsterdam, has become a show place for tourists, so that the shrewd mothers of the island, when they spy a British yacht or other boatload of curious foreigners approaching the port, forthwith array their little girls in the robes of their great-grandmothers, and send them down to the quay-side to earn the stuiver of the admiring stranger. Mediaevalism will endure long at Marken, because it is a paying concern.

Again, if a traveller is lucky enough to arrive at a village when a Kermesse (village feast) is in progress, he will sometimes have an opportunity of seeing the old national gala costumes, often very costly, which the peasants

the hamlets of Bunschoten and Spakenburg, in which the artist has found the subjects for his sketches. These two hamlets are situated in the province of Utrecht, close to the shores of the Zuider Zee, and about six miles distant from Baarn—a pleasant place among beautiful woods, which has been termed the Richmond of Amsterdam, and which is a famous summer resort of the citizens of that city. But near as they are to a mighty seaport and a fashionable holiday-town, these sequestered villages have not lost their old-world characteristics, for they lie out of the way of both trade and tourists; the rare artist alone visits them, no railway passes near them, no great highway traverses them, and they are not on the banks of any canal—that is, of any canal forming



A COTTAGE INTERIOR, BUNSCHOTEN

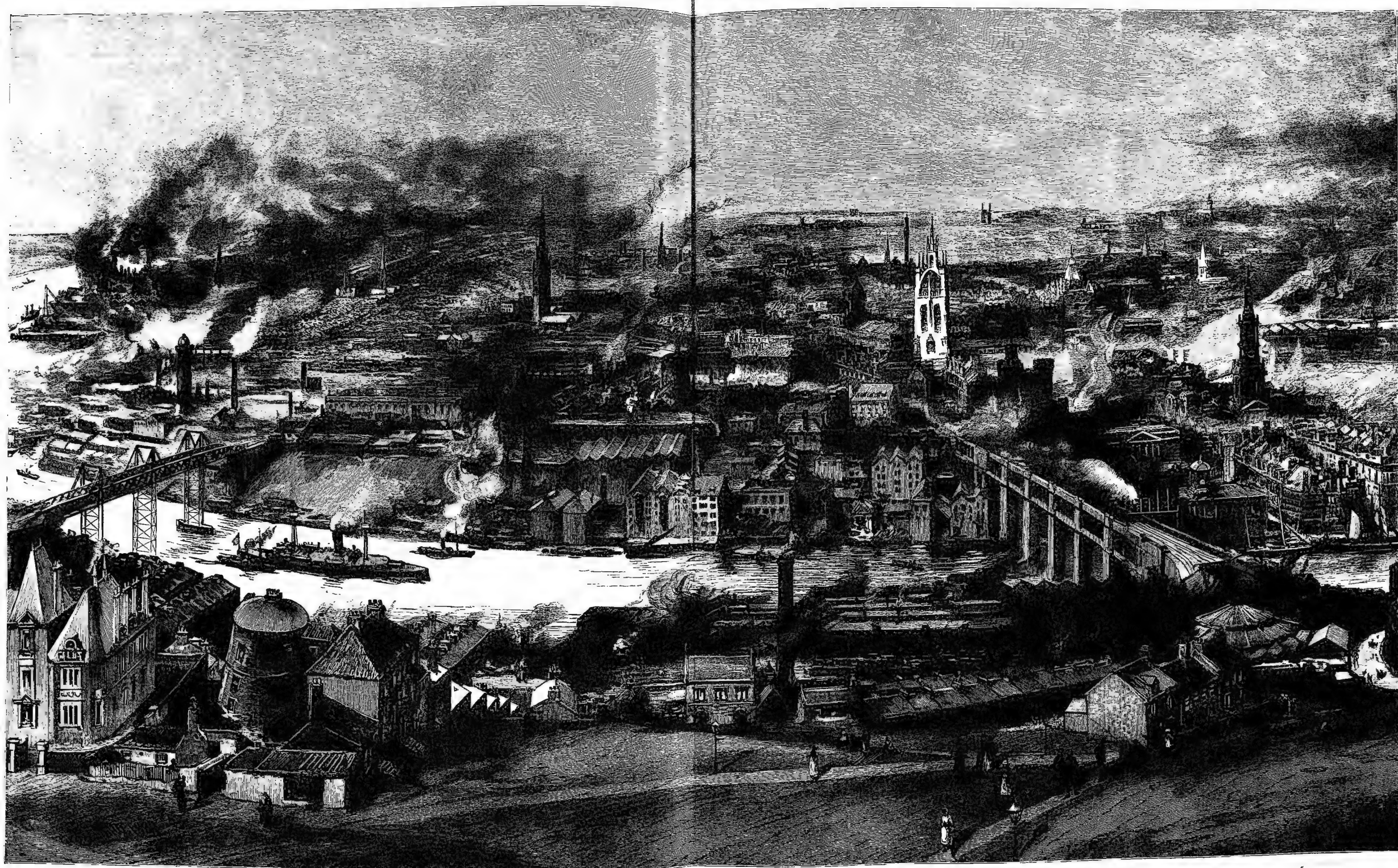
not having a canal of some description hard by it, as your true double Dutchman would no doubt perish miserably of a form of home sickness had he not water—were it only a stagnant ditch—in front of his abode. But this canal is shallow, is spanned by bridges that do not swing to admit the passage of larger craft, and is open only to small punts and lighters, not to the far-travelling *tjalks*, which do more than the railways in introducing modern ideas to the inland regions of the Netherlands.

The interior depicted in the sketch is of the true old Dutch type. It is the single room of a cottage in the village of Bunschoten, and serves as sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen, all in one, to what we should call in England a poor family. But in this room reigns a cleanliness beyond measure, and a tidiness so complete that the eye of the stranger from less orderly lands seeks in vain for some comfortable speck of dirt, or some object slightly out of its place, as a relief to all this rigid, and almost aggressive, preciseness. Even the coals or lumps of peat in the fireplace seem to be arranged in regular mathematical figures; and perhaps the flames are the only irregular objects in the chamber, for their goings are out of the goodwife's control. Not only has each chair its particular corner against the wall, but when not in use its hind legs are propped up—always in the same spot—upon the high skirting-board.

There would be something comfortable and pleasing in such a room were it not for this oppressive and morbid tidiness. The bright colours



A GROUP OF WILLING MODELS



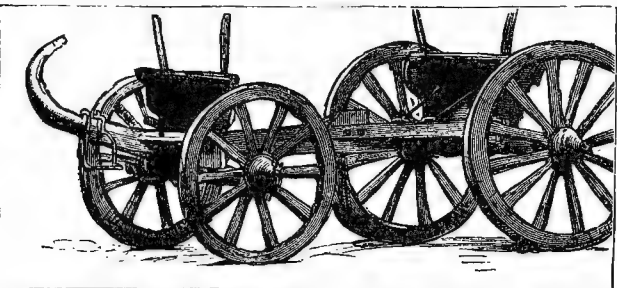
SEE KEY BLOCK, PAGE 342

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY  
DRAWN BY ROBERT JOBLING



A TWO-WHEELED CART

of the tiles around the fireplace, and of the delft plates on the walls contrast well with the dark oak-panelling and beams. The bed is in a recess of the wall (resembling a berth on board ship), and in the arrangement of this the mistress of the house takes an especial pride. In the daytime pillow-cases of richly-worked lace cover the corpulent pillows, and the bed-curtains, which are of some bright colour, with a pattern of large flowers—often of sun-flowers, the "peasant's flower," as it is called in Holland—are slightly opened apart so as to allow a peep at the snug nest within. Every article in an old Dutch house of this sort—the clock, the water-jar, the very kettle and tongs, are of quaint forms, and curiosities in their way. And all are so wonderfully polished! After seeing such an interior, one can almost credit the tale of the old



A HAY-CART



A BOY OF BUNSCHOTEN

Dutch lady who scrubbed her sitting-room floor till she fell through it into the cellar.

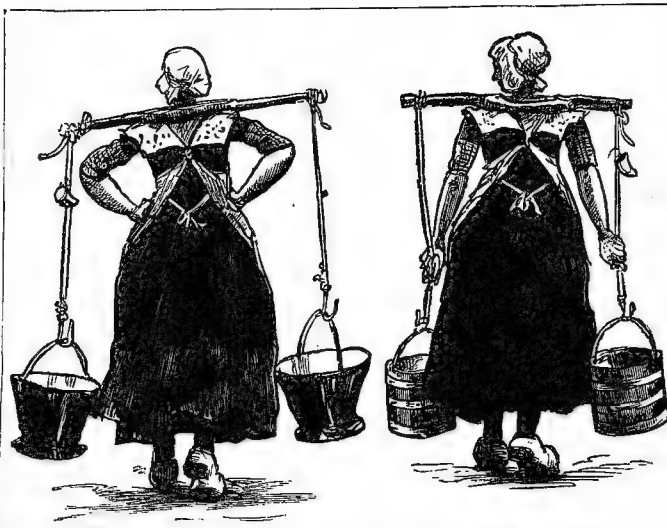
Certain privileges, unknown to the natives, are conceded to a stranger who visits the home of a Hollander peasant. He may be allowed to forget to prop up his chair against the skirting-board when he has done with it; and he will be permitted to enter the room with his boots on. For a Dutchman invariably takes off his wooden shoes and deposits them outside the house—as shown in the sketch—when he pays a call on a neighbour. He would as soon walk on the table-cloth as on that immaculate floor, save in his stockings. Even when boarding a canal barge a Dutchman will divest himself of his boots, so awful a cleanliness prevails on deck and in the cabin. No Cowes yacht-skipper is more jealous of his bright decks than is the commander of a coal-

laden *schuyt* of his polished oak. One only has to go to Holy Haven at the Thames mouth—a place much frequented of Dutch fishermen—to see the hands of an eel-boat thus unshoe themselves when about to pull off from the shore in their clumsy jolly-boats, so fearful are they of taking on board one particle of British soil.

The women of these two hamlets observe the fashions of their ancestresses, and their costumes differ considerably from those worn in the neighbourhood. The Dutch peasants are a stay-at-home folk, and look upon the inhabitants of the nearest village in the light of foreigners. It thus happens that each hamlet has developed distinct types of its own, and were a lady of Bunschoten in her Sunday attire to visit a church but a few miles from her home she would attract almost as much attention as if she were some Mandarin's wife dressed in the height of the fashion of Peking.

The men of Bunschoten are more common-place in their appearance than their wives and daughters. The farmers and fishermen wear the voluminous trousers, and tight jackets ornamented with large bright buttons, to be seen in most parts of Holland; but the rest of the male population have adopted that ordinary nineteenth-century attire which is fast reducing the men of Europe to one uniform pattern.

The artist has sketched his group of villagers when most of the boys are at school, and few but girls are about. He has been wise in selecting this hour; for though the Dutch girls are mischievous



WOMEN IN WORKING DRESSES

and saucy enough, still their hearts are far from destitute of that pity natural to their amiable sex; whereas the Hollander *gamins* are the most terrible specimens of boyhood in all Europe, and their chief delight in life is to stone, and otherwise by divers ingenious methods goad to frenzy, any unlucky wight of an artist who comes their way.

Every yachtsman who has moored his craft in a Zuider Zee haven will recognise the type of that Dutch boy drawn by the artist, standing with truculent attitude, hands in pocket, and looking down at the yachtsman from the quay above; harmless for the moment, but only because he is meditating in what new diabolical manner his spirit of mischief can be gratified at the expense of the helpless victim beneath.

It is only in a land where the stock is a sturdy one—as the Dutch stock undoubtedly is—that the youngsters are so rough and mischievous; but this reflection is but a poor consolation to the wretched stranger.

Dutch boys deserve much more spanking than they undergo at the hands of their indulgent parents; but woe betide the long-suffering foreigner who, however great the provocation, ventures to chastise a Dutch urchin; all the savage fathers and mothers of the village will be upon him like a pack of wolves.

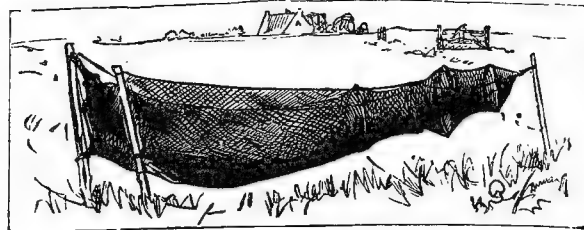
The girls in the group are clad in the costume peculiar to the village of Bunschoten—a costume of lively colouring and producing a pretty effect. The dress is blue, the short apron is red, the half sleeves are black, the lower sleeves red, the broad collar is white, with a pattern of purple flowers, and the handkerchief pinned across the breast is scarlet striped with white. To complete the picture, each rosy face peeps out of a tight-fitting black cap, which conceals nearly all the golden curls, while above this a loose white cap is worn.

On Sundays and holidays the wooden shoes are discarded for stout but neat leather shoes, with ornamental silver buckles; while a thick jacket is put over the dress, and no less than six heavy woollen-petticoats are worn beneath it. An extraordinary bulkiness is produced by this mountain of clothing, and as by some contrivance of crinoline—or other concealed framework of the sort, which a feminine reader could, perhaps, explain—the figure is made to present a balloon-like appearance in every direction, save behind, where it falls almost flat, the result is decidedly grotesque. When a woman is in mourning the apron and sleeves are changed for blue ones.

Dog-carts—in the literal sense of the term—like the one represented in the sketch, are common in many districts in Holland; but they are forbidden by the humane laws

of some provinces. They are used by carriers, butchers, and other tradesmen; and I have even seen a burly Dutchman in tall hat and frock-coat driving along the canal side in his dog-tandem, and at such a rate that the yacht I was on, running before a fresh breeze, could but just keep up with him.

These dogs are of a sturdy breed—as they need be—and their habits are curiously business-like; they know well how to economise labour, and to make the best of their existence,—when not at work they are always eating and sleeping. A Dutch cart-dog



NETS DRYING

off duty wastes no time in loafing or looking around him; the moment his cart stops, if there is nothing to eat at hand, down he drops on his marrow-bones between the shafts, and falls asleep with the readiness of a sailor when his watch is over, but prepared to spring up again, wide-awake in a second, at a word from his master.

His slumber when left in the street for a few moments in charge of the cart is indeed a dog's sleep, one eye open; for let a stranger approach too near, and the animal is on his feet with a startling quickness, snarling and showing his great teeth in a very ugly fashion. The temper of these poor brutes is not improved by the cruel constraint of their liberties, and they have to be securely muzzled in the summer months, which is somewhat re-assuring to the timid tourist who bethinks him to stop still in a street in order to inspect closely this rather barbarous feature of the country. The milkmaids, with their pails, returning from the fields, the eel-nets drying near the sea-shore, the roof of the old house with its carved monster, and chimney with revolving cowl, speak for themselves. The hay waggons in Holland—as represented in the sketch—are picturesque objects. They are often handsomely carved and gilt; and, in South Holland, landscapes with horses and cows are sometimes painted on their sides.

The two-wheeled carriage with a white awning, carrying two people only, is of a kind constantly to be met with on any Dutch country road. The old

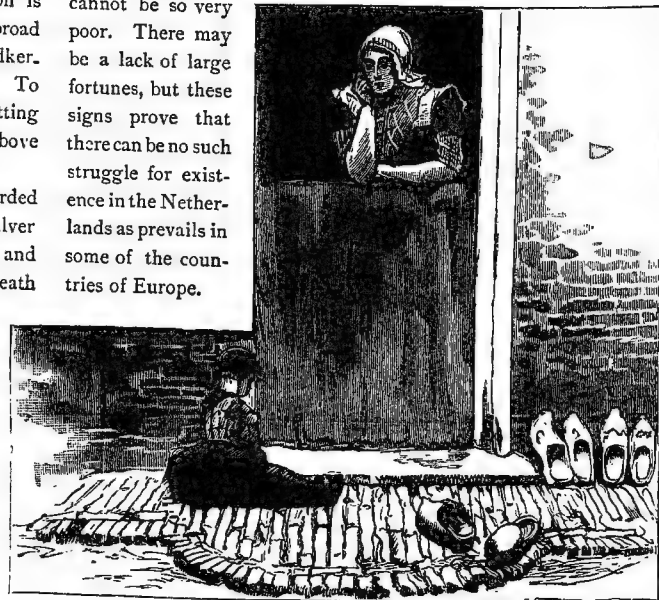
family coaches, almost as gorgeous as the state coach of our Lord Mayor, with their carvings and gilt and paintings on the panels, are very costly luxuries, and were often the productions of able artists. In the curiosity shops of Rotterdam the panels of these old coaches are sold as objects of *vertu*, but it is seldom indeed, if ever, that one encounters a vehicle of this sort on the high road. The country people will tell the traveller that the old families can no longer afford these splendid equipages of their ancestors; for Holland, they maintain, has become a poor country in consequence of the mania which existed a few years back for investing the hard-earned savings of Dutch thrift in the public stocks of South American Republics that have since repudiated their debts. However this may be, the poverty of the country is not very obvious to a stranger. A people who are all so well-dressed, who live in such comfortable houses, who can afford to spend so much money on unproductive ornament in every direction, and occupy so much time in excessive scrubbing and polishing, cannot be so very poor. There may be a lack of large fortunes, but these signs prove that there can be no such struggle for existence in the Netherlands as prevails in some of the countries of Europe.



THE TYPICAL WOMEN'S HEAD-DRESS



A CURIOUS BIT OF ARCHITECTURE



WOODEN SHOES OUTSIDE A HOUSE-DOOR

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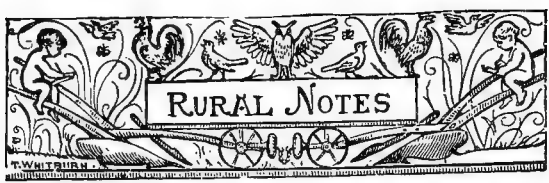
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RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON has been favourable to the clearing of the fields, and, on the 7th inst., a long railway ride through the southern counties disclosed no standing corn. In the north and west some oats and barley are still out, but not much wheat, as the heat in these parts up to mid-July was unusually forcing, and their fields in consequence were behind the south and east by less than the usual interval which, if averaged, would possibly be not less than three weeks. The new wheat is arriving at the markets in improved condition, but the prices made, 33s. to 35s. for white and 30s. to 33s. for red, are very disappointing. Imports were very large during the last fortnight of August, and, although the quantity of foreign wheat afloat is less than usual, the large surplus of exportable new wheat in America exerts a depressing influence over the whole of English trade.

THE FORTNIGHT of dry weather from August 26th to September 9th naturally enabled the chief wheat growers to clear their fields, and it thereby altered the chances of new supplies in a manner seriously affecting the markets. Millers were not greatly concerned about the total out-turn of the harvest, which rather affects the last three months of the season than the first three. But they were very anxious about the condition of samples, and as to how soon new wheat in bulk would be obtainable for milling. On August 24th, at Norwich, at Canterbury, and at Shrewsbury farmers would promise no material deliveries before October, many not before the end of October. On September 7th the first two markets had fair offerings of new wheat for immediate use, while all three had ample promises of delivery to the mills by Michaelmas. A good judge now estimates that over two million quarters of the new crop will have changed hands before the end of October where sales of less than half a million seemed likely on August 24th.

OFFICIAL RETURNS are very good things in their way, but Mr. Chaplin will not find many safer advisers than the writer (in that typical paper of the English squire, the *Field*) who warns him not to go "flaunting about tables of figures." The return of a wheat acreage of 22s. 6d. at Edinburgh is the immediate cause of this rebuke, though more long-suffering Londoners had previously put up with an average of 11s. 2d. for oats, at a time when the poorest Russian cost 15s., and English samples (on which alone the average is compiled) were known to be worth 18s. at the very least. Returns are, in fact, deceptive, for reasons which will always prevail to render them so. And in matters agricultural we now know almost all that returns can tell us. Action is what is required, and the establishment of a healthy basis for work. English farmers now-a-days are not the ignorant illiterate bores of a century back. They are prompt to try new machinery, new breeds of cattle, new forage, and other plants. If they can be put on the road of making a fair living out of farm industry, they will pursue that road in

singleness of purpose and in contentment of mind. But the new Ministry of Agriculture will have to clearly say whether this or that branch of industry is to be abandoned to the pressure of foreign competition. At present we tax foreign beer, but not foreign barley; we tax foreign tobacco, but impose a duty of twelve times the crop's value on the English grower. Farmers only want one thing; to live by farming. In their efforts to accomplish this the Executive may assist them if it chooses; at least it should not harass them, but give them fair play on an already sufficiently difficult task.

THE WARWICKSHIRE SHOW was marred by showers, which were all the more vexing because not generally prevalent. The Show this year was held at Coventry, and was remarkable for the numerous entries of horses. The young Shire-bred horses were excellent; not only did two famous breeders send largely, but a number of unknown names made the closest of fights with the celebrities. This at any country Show we take to be one of the surest signs of improvement and necessary "keenness" within the region. Mr. Muntz, M.P., won the prize for the best foal in the yard. In the cattle classes it was interesting to see how the Shorthorns, which were recently thought to be losing ground, vanquished the Herefords, of whose progress in estimation the agricultural journals have had many columns to say. Mr. Palmer's half-bred Hereford calves won the coveted open prize for calves of any breed, but this was an exception to the rule of the Show. Shropshires are the leading breed of sheep round Coventry, and were a very good show. The pigs and goats, without being numerous, deserved attention.

PROFESSOR WRIGHTSON remarks on the numerous types of sheep distinguishable by a good shepherd, as compared with the number of breeds and cross-breeds recognised in the Show Yard. Soil he thinks greatly affects sheep, apart from climate, which of course has its own influence, causing long-woolled animals to thrive best in Lincolnshire or Romney Marsh, and short-woolled sheep upon the Southern Downs. The true sheep-breeder according to the Professor would not only "sit for an hour upon a hurdle looking at one sheep," but he even accomplishes the more difficult task of "carrying the ideal sheep in his head." A well-covered head, a good "scrag," and a wide shoulder are the three points Mr. Wrightson names as essential, and after these come good fore-quarters, wool, and colour.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, speaking recently at an agricultural Show, advocated a more general and extensive application of farm capital to the keeping and breeding of live stock, which were a more likely source of profit than the cereals. He deplored the practice of exclusive reliance on store-stock to be fattened on the pastures. All owners of such pastures should have some breeding animals. The dearth of store-stock this season had deprived many farmers, who had no breeding stock of their own, of much of the benefit resulting from the splendid yield of the meadows and of the pastures, both artificial and permanent. The problem of keeping as many horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs as possible to the acre was the one now most prominently before farmers; and, after that, the keeping them with the greatest economy compatible with the fullest development of the animals.

THE LAST FORTNIGHT OF SEPTEMBER will not be so dull in the country as it usually is in town. On the 17th the Ulverston,

Alfreton, and Middlewick Shows are held in their respective localities; while Mr. Hannay's Polled herd will be sold on this day, and also Mr. Hamer's Herefords. On the 18th, Brigg, Wigton, and Banbury have Shows, and two big sheep sales at Lichfield and Westmeston will attract respectively admirers of the Shropshire and the Southdown breeds. Oswestry Show is fixed for the 19th, Northallerton Show for the 20th, Frome and Loughborough Shows for the 25th, Ashbourne, Tring, and Altrincham Shows for the 26th. The big display of Shorthorns at Birmingham, on the 25th and 26th, will draw many cattle-lovers thither; while Mr. Ensor's sheep sale at Poundbury, on the 26th, will be a big gathering; as will the sale of Mr. Child's Sussex cattle on the 27th, and of Mrs. Perkin's Jerseys on the same day.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

WE all know that enthusiasts in medicine will do and dare much to prove or disprove a theory, or to ascertain the action of any particular drug upon the human body, and that there have been many martyrs who have yielded up life itself in their experimental researches. But it has been reserved for Dr. Gosse, of Geneva, to try the effect of hanging upon his own person, in order that he might study the sensations, painful or otherwise, which are experienced by those who end their lives beneath the gallows. At the recent International Medical Congress at Paris, this daring surgeon described how he had twice hanged himself experimentally, but as both times he lost consciousness he could not say much about his sensations. We presume that he had a trusty assistant who cut him down at the critical moment, and who was able to take observations while the principal actor in the melodrama was unconscious. We learn that breathing is not stopped by hanging, but that death ensues from pressure of the cord on the carotid. There is absolutely no suffering whatever if the victim takes care to fill his lungs before the operation.

Electric lighting is now so far established in New York that that city has its Board of Electrical Control. This body has recently found it necessary to issue a report upon the subject of explosions in subways, and the matter should be of some interest to us, seeing that the time is not far distant when we in this country shall have to make room for cables and wires beneath our roadways. In most of our new streets a tunnel or subway is provided for the accommodation of water pipes, gas pipes, and electric conductors, so that the road may not be continually taken up as it is in the present, and as it has been in the past. These subways are naturally more numerous in New York than they are here, and explosions due to accumulated gas from leaky pipes have become not uncommon. Hence the report to which we refer. The general feeling seems to be to lay the onus of remedying this unfortunate state of things upon the gas companies, but it is very doubtful if leakage can be altogether stopped, except by relaying the pipes upon some new system. We are too well aware that, when the ground beneath the London streets is opened, the soil offers abundant evidence of being saturated with gas; and it is obviously to the gas companies' interest that the waste should, as far as possible, be stopped. When the pipes are placed in a spacious subway they will be open to regular

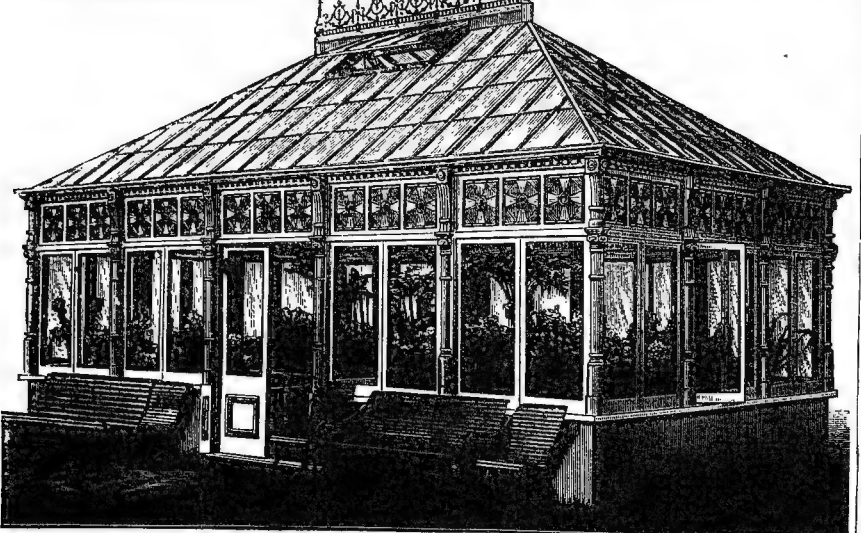
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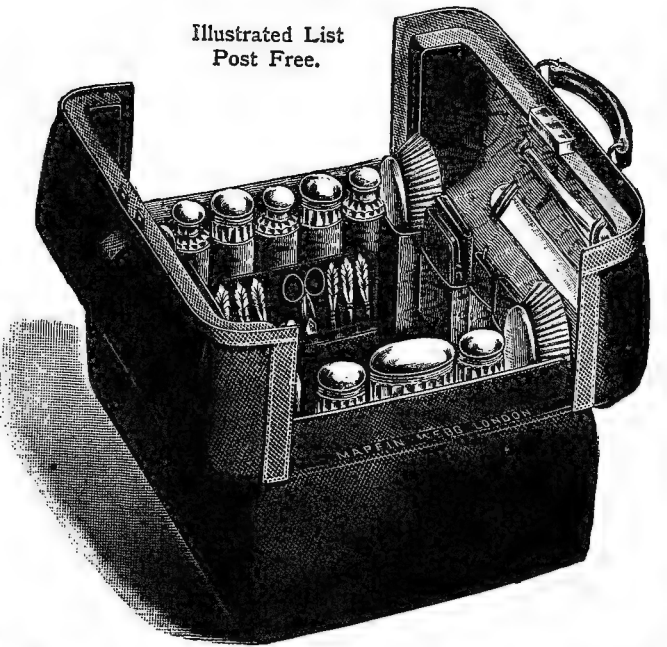
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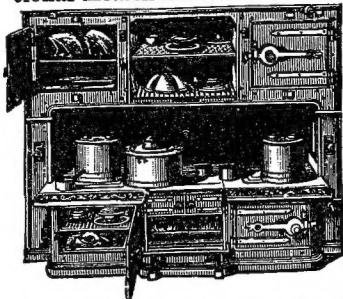
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inspection, and will not be subjected to strain from heavy traffic above, or to corrosion from contact with the soil. This question of leakage is one which is sure to attract the attention of our gas engineers, now that the pipes must be laid under such new conditions.

According to an American paper the disappearance of game from the Yellowstone Park, which has been noted for some time—and which gave rise to some suspicion as to the conduct of the guardians who had been appointed to protect it—is due in a great measure to a hitherto undiscovered but natural cause. There is a valley in the Park, which like the famous "Valley of Death" in Java is constantly charged with a layer of carbonic acid gas (it will be remembered that this death-dealing gas in the Java valley gave rise to the belief that the Upas tree possessed the property of lulling to his last sleep any traveller that rested beneath its branches). Animals are tempted to enter the valley by the saline springs which abound there, and they are quickly overcome by the gas and never return. Although the smaller creatures and birds are the first victims, it is by no means uncommon for larger creatures such as bears and deer to lose their lives in this manner.

The automatic machines, which will supply anything, from a stick of chocolate to a post-card, if only a penny be dropped into a certain slot with which they are provided—and if they happen to be in working order—are becoming to most persons rather a nuisance, for very few railway stations or other public places are free from them. And yet the system must pay its promoters, for "fresh woods and pastures new" seem to be constantly opened out for it. At the Paris Exhibition, a coin dropped into an intricate but skilfully devised machine will give the donor back a photograph of himself. There are also chairs whose seats are rigidly upheld until a similar donation releases them, and the wearied sightseer can have a pennyworth of rest. Both these ingenious contrivances for relieving the thriftless of their spare coin we may expect to see in this country. In the mean time, the penny slit principle has been applied by the South-Eastern Railway Company to a device which represents a real boon to travellers by their line. This is an Electric Reading Lamp which, on presentation of the necessary penny, will give forth its light for half an hour—at the end of which time it requires another refresher of the same nature, and will duly give out another half hour's radiance. Those who are on a long journey will very gladly avail themselves of this light; and will be still more inclined to regard it with favour when they know that if from any cause the lamp should not work, the penny will be returned to them from an opening below it. This facility for striking work is quite a feature of many of the other penny automatic machines; but their makers have taken care that the coin shall not be recoverable.

Professor Milne, of Japan, who is one of the first living authorities on earthquake phenomena, and who has devised various instruments which will record faithfully the direction and intensity of otherwise imperceptible movements of the earth's crust, has applied his knowledge to the construction of an instrument for use on railways. This is a self-recording tell-tale, which will show for how long a train has stopped at any particular place, and whether at a siding, signal, or station, and will also indicate the nature of the vibrations to which the rolling stock is subjected during passage over the rails. By such indications defects in the rails themselves—in sleepers and in

ballast—will be pointed out, so that faulty places may be mended. The instrument, which has already been tried successfully in Japan and in America, is shortly to form the subject of experiment in this country.

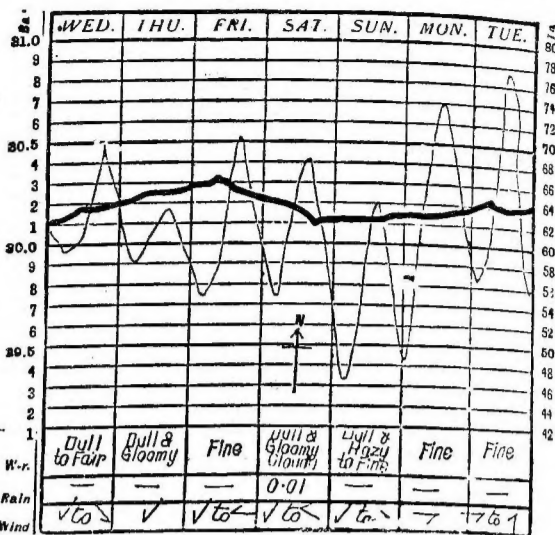
The graphophone of Professor Tainter, which is exhibited in the American Section of the Paris Exhibition, near Edison's Phonograph, would seem to be a rather formidable rival to that instrument. It differs in several points from the older instrument, and yet there is a close family resemblance between them, and a similarity in the wonderful results which they achieve. It is certain that Tainter was the first to adopt wax as the best covering for the recording cylinder, instead of the tinfoil previously used by Edison, and which he himself has now discarded for wax. In the graphophone the sounds are very feeble, but they are amazingly distinct, so that the instrument is no mere toy, but one which is likely to be of great use in the world. A company has been formed in America to exploit the invention, and we trust that it may soon be available to short-hand clerks, who have for many years been valued in all large offices for corresponding purposes, for with a graphophone at hand a principal can talk his correspondence direct to the waxed cylinder with the certainty that the record will be a faithful one. This cylinder will then be sent to a type-writing clerk, or, in case of emergency, can be posted direct to a correspondent, who, by the aid of a duplicate machine, will be able to listen to the original words spoken into the first machine. It is curious to note that the removal, by means of a stylus, of wax from a prepared surface should represent one of the most ancient methods of writing, and that a similar process, worked out by a wonderful piece of mechanism, should indicate a future method by which our correspondence will be conducted.

The interest raised in the question of arsenical poisoning has directed renewed attention to the arsenic-eating peasants of the Tyrol, and a Vienna newspaper recently referred to two of these men who were, in 1875, produced before a meeting of German physicians and naturalists. One of these was in the habit of taking a dose of thirty centigrammes of yellow arsenic (orpiment), whilst the other consumed forty centigrammes—six centigrammes being a fatal dose to ordinary men. It would seem from this account that the peasants first learned the habit from watching the good effect which the drug had upon their cows in certain diseases. Its action upon the human subject is at first that of a pleasing stimulant, but the doses are gradually augmented, until the habit becomes established. If the regular dose of arsenic be now discontinued, the skin becomes dry, the patient is attacked by a feverish thirst, the gait becomes unsteady, and the voice thick and harsh. There are remedies to mitigate these symptoms, but there is no cure but one—and that is renewed indulgence in the drug, upon which the body is restored to its former condition.

THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION sent out by the Bremen Geographical Society has met with a disaster at the outset. The *Berolina* carrying the explorers, Drs. Kukenthal and Walter, stranded soon after their departure from Tromsø. Happily they saved all their stores and equipment and proceeded in another sealer, the *Cæcilia Magdalena*, to the northern coast of Spitzbergen.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (10th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been dull to fine in most places, with a good deal of mist or fog during the early morning hours. Between Wednesday and Sunday (4th and 8th inst.), pressure was highest in an anticyclone, which travelled from our South-Western Coasts in a North-Easterly direction to Scandinavia, while it was lowest over the Mediterranean. During the prevalence over our Islands of this system, the weather was quiet and warm, with slight showers in a few places, and light breezes from the Southward in the West, and from North-Eastward in the South-East; the sky was alternately cloudy and clear. In the course of Sunday night (8th inst.) the barometer fell briskly in the North-West, and by 8 A.M. on Monday (9th inst.) a depression was found off the Hebrides, which subsequently passed completely away from our area. The wind now drew into the South or South-West generally, and freshened into a smart breeze in the North-West, where over half an inch of rain was reported from one station (Stornoway). The weather over the Southern half of the country was fine and bright, while temperature, which had been somewhat high for the season increased still more. Taken as a whole the temperature of the past week has been above the average. The highest readings, which occurred towards the close of the period were 78° in London, and slightly less at several other English stations, and as high as 72° in the West of Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Friday (6th inst.); lowest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range 0.20 inch.

The temperature was highest (78°) on Tuesday (10th inst.); lowest (47°) on Sunday (8th inst.); range 31°.

Rain fell on one day. Total fall 0.07 inch on Saturday (7th inst.).

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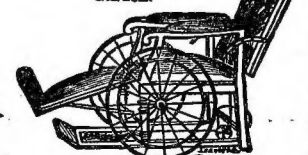
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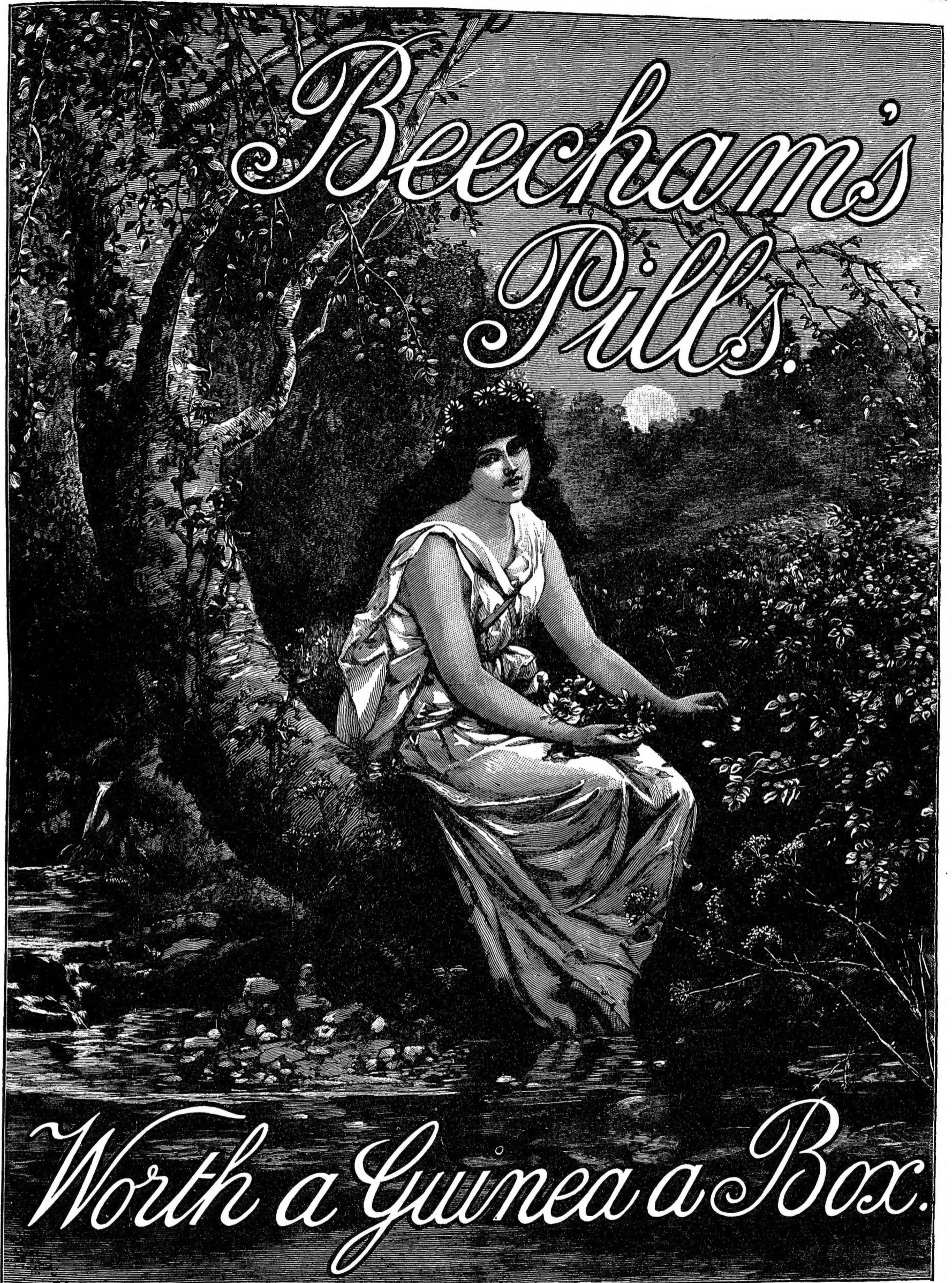
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